

COUPLE WORDS AND WIN CASH (SEE FIRST PAGE)

PEARSON'S

— £2,000 —

Free Insurance.

WEEKLY

£2,000
Railway
Insurance.
 Over
£13,000
 already paid in
 Claims.

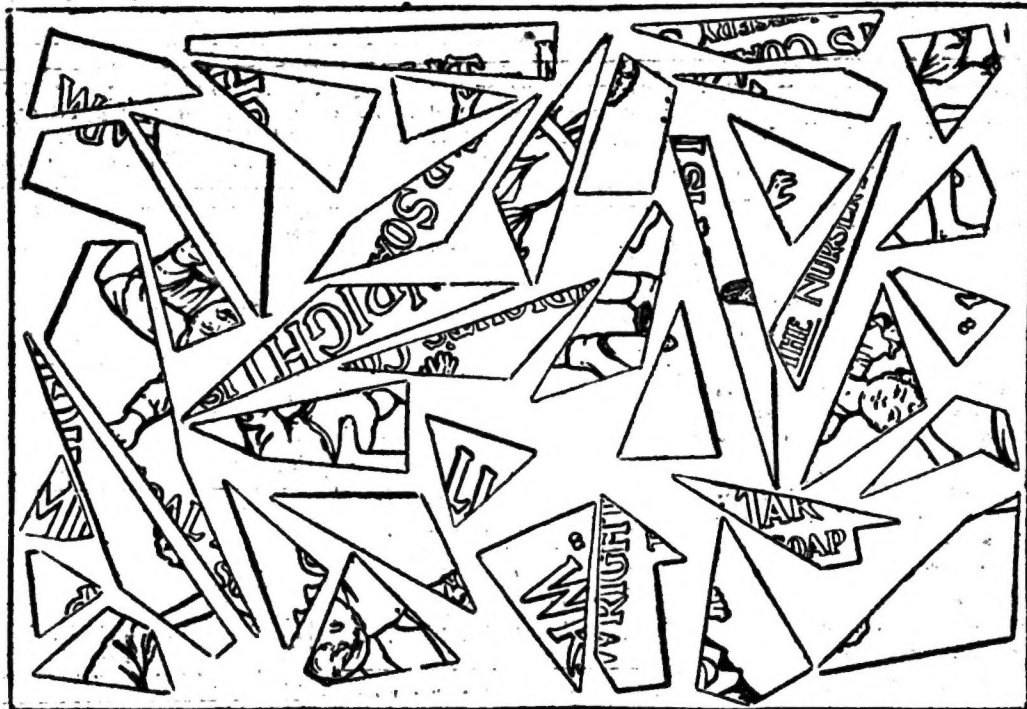
No. 983.] POSTAGE, ONE PENNY. REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING MAY 20, 1909. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.]

INTERESTING COMPETITION.

THE PROPRIETORS OF WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP OFFER 100 CASH PRIZES

Competitors must cut out the pieces of this picture and paste them neatly in the right positions to form an advertisement of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. The Prizes will be awarded to those who send the neatest complete pictures. Competitors will be divided into three classes.

Class A.		Class B.		Class C.	
Children up to 12 years of age.		12 to 18.		Over 18.	
1st Prize	£2 2 0	1st Prize	£3 3 0	1st Prize	£5 5 0
2nd "	1 1 0	2nd "	2 2 0	2nd "	4 4 0
3rd "	0 10 6	3rd "	1 1 0	3rd "	2 2 0
30 Prizes of 5/- each.		10 Prizes of 7/6 each. 20 " " 5/- "		10 Prizes of 10/6 each. 21 " " 5/- "	



READ CAREFULLY.

Competitors must write their names and addresses legibly at the top of their pictures, and state the class in which they are entering. If classes A and B, age must be given, but not in Class C.

Each picture must be accompanied by an outside wrapper of **WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap**. It is sold everywhere, 4d. per tablet.

Competitors may send as many attempts as they please, provided each has a wrapper attached to it, but anyone sending any other wrapper than **WRIGHTS** will be disqualified.

The decision of the Managing Director will be final.

No correspondence can be entertained, but additional copies of this advertisement can be obtained from the Proprietors.

Last day for receiving replies, June 26th.

The result will be advertised in the *Daily Mail* on July 26th.

Address: "Prize Competition," Proprietors, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66-68 Park Street, London, S.E.

£1 EQUALS £2

IF YOU WEAR

WOOD-MILNE RUBBER HEELS,

Every pound you spend on boots goes twice as far.

Prove the economy of Wood-Milne Heels this way—

Wear a different pair of boots on alternative days—

open air with Wood-Milnes, one pair without.

We'll say nothing about the relative comfort. When one pair calls for the cobbler, inspect the condition of the Wood-Milne pair. Be your own judge and jury all in one.

WOOD-MILNE Rubber Heels

If they really **are** Wood-Milne, they outlast four leather heels—result is boots keep shape and last as long again.

By the name on the heels shall you know them.
From all bootmakers.



3389

"VASELINE" HAIR TONIC

The World's Best Preparation for the Hair.

The Care of the Hair is as much a duty on the part of those who would keep in a state of complete physical health as the care of other parts of the body. By constant exposure the scalp is peculiarly liable to disease. It is attacked by germs which, if not removed, impair and even destroy the capillary roots, and prevent the growth of the hair.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is an invaluable preventative of such disease, besides being a natural hair fertiliser and growth promoter. "VASELINE" is itself a powerful germicide; germ life cannot live in it.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic rubbed into the scalp will kill germs, remove dandruff, scurf, and other diseases; produces a healthy condition of the surface, and allows the natural growth of hair. Its use should be continued daily, thus ensuring permanent good effects.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is guaranteed to be absolutely harmless in its action. Nothing enters into its composition that can injure the most tender skin; on the contrary, the skin is smoothed and benefited by its application, the preparation being a combined hair and skin tonic.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic restores the strength, vitality, and beauty of the hair, and is absolutely safe under all circumstances. It is delightfully perfumed, and is sold in bottles. Prices: 1/-, 2/-, and 3/- per bottle.

If not obtainable locally, a trial bottle will be sent, Post Free, to any address in the United Kingdom upon receipt of Postal Order for 1/-, 2/-, or 3/-, or Stamps.

A descriptive Pamphlet, explaining the uses of all the "Vaseline" preparations, will be sent post free on application.

The word "Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING Co.,

42 Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.

WHEN OUT OF SORTS

the wisest course is undoubtedly to take Beecham's Pills. By so doing you call to your aid one of the most reliable curative agents known, and ensure a speedy and natural recovery. The "out of sorts" condition being almost always due to a derangement of the digestive organs, it is obvious that what is required is a medicine that can successfully deal with all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. If you

TAKE

Beecham's Pills you lay the foundation of good sound robust health and incidentally remove the "out of sorts" condition. The immediate effect of these pills is to put the digestion thoroughly in order and when once this is achieved perfect health cannot fail to follow. Unlike the merely temporary effects of stimulants, a permanent exhilaration that springs from steady nerve force results from taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Beecham's Pills are specially suitable for Females of all ages.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).

Headache CURED IN 10 MINUTES.

One Kaputine cures in ten minutes the most violent Headache or Neuralgia. We want to prove this safe and reliable medicine to every sufferer, and in order to do so will send you two free sample doses of Kaputine by return post.

Write to

C. H. KAPUTINE,
Kaputine Works,
Wakefield.

Kaputine is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Packets of 18 doses, 1/-.

Samples 1d.

To Smokers

MAKE YOUR OWN CIGARETTE, SIR:
IT IS TWICE AS GOOD



BEST & PUREST.

LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

KEATING'S POWDER

KILLS
BEETLES

Tins, 3d., 6d. & 1/-

NEW SIZE 1"



DON'T RISK YOUR NECK

on a so-called cheap bicycle. It is a waste of money to buy a cheap foreign machine, which is now on the market, and give them an air of a name of a good type as the products are a danger to your limb.

IN STRIKING CONTRAST

GAMAGE'S

£3.19.9

"POPULAR"

The machine that successfully set "CYCLING'S" 1,000-MILE TEST

and this test was made on an ordinary selected from stock. It is quite the best bicycle on the market, and its thousands include well-known Clubmen and Tourists. It is a machine that is recommended to its friends. Inspect it to-day, or, if unable to call, our highly interesting booklet, gratis, free anywhere. In the event of your machine being faulty, kindly send it to M. O. for 25 lbs. 9d., and the machine is despatched on receipt of same. In the same price.

Write for Booklet Today.

A. W. GAMAGE Ltd., Holborn, London E.C.

BOON TO MEN

Nervous and Physical Weaknesses—Urinary Troubles, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and other allied diseases. Send for Treatise, with full particulars, including Hundreds of Testimonials of complete Cures. No Electricity. Sent sealed, post free, two stamps. JAB. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT: call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made. Messrs. Browning, Actual Manufacturers, 69 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 69 years).

PHOTO POST-CARDS of yourself, 1/- dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free. Hackett, 7, July Road, Liverpool, E.

BABY CARS direct from factory on approval: carriage paid; we save you 5/- in the 4/- cash or easy payments from 4/- monthly. Wonderful value. Send to-day for splendid new catalogue, post free. Direct Public Supply Co. (Dept. G3), Coventry.

BILLIARDS.—How to play the game. If anyone would like "The Game of Billiards and How to Play it," by John Roberts, and play every diagram in succession, he would soon get rid of the monotony of paying for the table. The book may be had, post free, for 12 from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.—A capital handbook for the novice and also for the more advanced student is "How to Take and Make Photographs," by Olive Holland. It gives you all the information you require regarding the Dark Room, Camera, Plates and Films, Exposure, Development of Negatives, Printing, Mounting, &c., &c. It may be had, post free, for 12 from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

STRENGTH: How Lost: How Regained.—Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men. Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 6 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

SLEIGHT OF HAND TRICKS.—A few simple conjuring tricks are always useful in the after dinner interval. You can learn a number of effective tricks which need little or no apparatus with very little trouble by studying "After-Dinner Sleights and Pocket Tricks," by V. Lang Well. Send 12 to A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE "MERLIN."—Makes all the World Wonder. Ask Cycle Agent to show you one, and you'll know more about bicycle value than ever you did before. It's perfect and can be bought from 24/6. Ask for particulars Fortnight Free Holiday Scheme.—Merlin Co., Coventry.

CHINA, 5 Splendid Services, 21/-. Dinner, Tea, Breakfast, Toilet, Trinket, 3 Jugs, and Teapot, the lot 21/-. Safe delivery guaranteed. Every kind of china stocked. Catalogues free.—Vincent Pottery Co., Dept. G, Burslem.

PEACHES LACE CURTAINS.—Write for FREE CATALOGUE. 40 Illustrations. Largest issued. A Warehouse in Rock Form. Curtains, Case-Mounted Fabrics, Mullins, Linens, Hostery, &c., &c.—Sam. Pesch & Sons, Dept. 142, The Looms, Nottingham.

"HOW TO PATENT AN INVENTION."—Book free.—Editor, "Patents," 55 Chancery Lane, Ldn.

BE YOUR OWN MASTER and start the Remnant Trade. Experience unnecessary. There's money in it. Write now for free guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 17 Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

POULTRY KEEPING.—Those who would like full instructions as to the keeping, breeding, and rearing of poultry for both pleasure and profit may find it in "Poultry Keeping, and How to Make it Pay," by F. E. Wilson, which may be had, price 1/2, post free, from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

ROSES.—Full instructions for the cultivation and care of Roses in order to grow them to the best advantage may be found in "Roses, and How to Grow Them," by Violet Biddle, price 1/2, post free, from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

BOON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—F. J. Murray, 7 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

ASTROLOGY.—Events, Changes, Fortunate Days, Business Success, Marriages. Two years' future added. Send birth-date, 1/- P.O.—Prof. Gould, Buntingford, Whitby Road, Buntingford.

25 PER WEEK AND UPWARDS Earned by Advertisement Writers. Many opportunities for ambitious men and women. Prospectus and full particulars post free.—(Dept. G), Page-Davis Advertising School, 15 Oxford Street, London, W.

BEDDING PLANTS.—Geraniums, Fuchsias, Begonias, Dahlias, Chrysanthemums, Marguerites, 2/- doz. Stocks, Asters, Lobelias, Petunias, Nicotianas, 4d. doz.—Cookridge Nurseries, Horsforth, Leeds.

INCOME TAX.—If you wish to know the law and expense, buy "A Handy Guide to Income Tax," by A. F. Sowter, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. It will save you a great deal of money, and avoid the expense of a tax agent. Send 12 to A. F. Sowter, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

LION BICYCLES 25 5s. CASH or 12/- with order and 10/- per month. Frames, Plated Rims, Bell Free Wheel, Lever Brakes, Patent Lamp, Bell, Pumps, Oil Can, Repair Outfit. Fully guaranteed. Try a. Packed in crate (free). Carriage and freight four years. Ten days for trial. I have made and sold over 10,000, and have 5,000 testimonials. Write for Catalogue, Specification, and 40-page Book of Direct from my factory only. 25 5s. or more for 12 months. G. H. BEATSON, Lion Cycle Works, N. Street, Birmingham.

LETTER-WRITING.—These instructions in letter-writing, from an experienced writer, should be obtained by all who are to write letters. Send 12 to G. E. M. Devereux, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

VARICOCELE.—Every man with Varicocele and its accompanying nervous weakness should send for this book, describing its successful treatment by only rational and painless methods. Sent sealed, post free, two stamps. 10 & 11 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

DRUNKENNESS CURED secretly, permanently, unfailingly, by the "Lion" method. Sample free.—Carlton Club, Birmingham.

ASTROLOGY.—Life, Horoscope, Partner described, Money Prospects, Changes, &c., accurately told. Send 12 to Madam M. Avenue, Edinburgh.

FREE OFFER TO WEAK MEN from nervous and physical weakness, varicocele, and allied troubles. A packet and treatise with full particulars, testimonials and medical certificates, sent sealed, post free. Two stamps. Write—Hygienic Stores Ltd. (Dept. H), 25 Cross Road, London, W.C. Telephone 2500.

CYCLE ACCESSORIES from complete bicycle at lowest possible price. Cycles at factory prices. Agents everywhere. Write to interest you sent free.—Bursley

THE LATEST IN
COMPETITIONS.

NEW CONTEST FOR
SPRING EVENINGS.

REWARDS WORTH
WINNING.

Here is an entirely new form of competition which you will find at once fascinating and profitable.

The charm of the new contest is its extreme simplicity. It is known as Couplings, and all you are asked to do is to construct a sentence of eight words, by selecting four pairs of words, each pair from a different page, from the white pages of this issue. Here is an example that will show how easy it is to make Couplings.

First of all, glance through this copy of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, and select two consecutive words. You may select any two you like. Say, for example, you take the words, "Mr. Roosevelt" (p. 941, col. 2, line 32). Write them down, and then turn to another page and select two more consecutive words. This time you might choose the words, "howled miserably" (p. 948, col. 1, line 63). Having made note of these, you might, proceeding in the same way, select from other pages the words, "when the" (p. 952, col. 3, line 26), and "bullet sang" (p. 947, col. 2, line 24). You will now find that you have constructed the following amusing sentence:

Mr. Roosevelt howled miserably when the bullet sang.

You are now asked to make the best sentence you possibly can in this way; then, when it is completed, write it out on the entry form and post it on to us in accordance with the conditions of the competition published below.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. Words may only be taken from the white pages in this issue of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, and each pair of words must be chosen from a different page.

2. So long as the words appear consecutively—that is, one immediately after the other—it does not matter whether the second word is on the same line as the first word or on the following line.

3. No two words in any pair of selected consecutive words may be divided by a punctuation mark. For example: "mark. For" must not be used as consecutive words.

4. Couplings must consist of four pairs of words—that is to say, must contain eight words in all, no more, no fewer.

5. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form below, or they will be disqualified. If more than one attempt is made, each must be written on a separate entry form.

6. Every coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for sixpence, made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and crossed " & Co." and the number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided. Where one Postal Order of a higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this Postal Order must be written on each entry form.

7. The envelope containing the coupon or coupons must be addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and must be marked "COUPLINGS No. 3" in the top left-hand corner.

8. Attempts must arrive not later than first post Thursday, May 20th.

9. Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) one half will be awarded to the competitor whose attempt is considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration, and the remaining half will be awarded in other prizes amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

10. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition, and telegrams will be ignored. The published decision is final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

COUPLINGS, No. 3.			Postal Order No.		
Page.....	Col.....	Line.....	Page.....	Col.....	Line.....
Page.....	Col.....	Line.....	Page.....	Col.....	Line.....
I undertake to abide by the conditions, and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.					
Signed					
Address					

THE RESULT OF COUPLINGS No. 1 WILL BE
PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

THE PRIZE-LIST FOR CHANGELETS No. 28 WILL
BE FOUND ON PAGE iii. OF THE RED COVER.

A British Finger in the Turkish Pie

It seems fated that some Briton must have a finger in every pie, no matter where or of what it is being made. Even in the Turkish imbroglio we find the ubiquitous Briton bobbing up, this time in the person of Rear-Admiral Sir Douglas Gamble, K.C.V.O., who is in command of the Turkish Fleet. And as Sir Douglas rules the Fleet, and the loyalty of the Fleet to the new Constitution strengthened the hands of the Young Turks, Sir Douglas may almost be said to have given the casting vote in favour of Abdul's deposition.

It was only last January that the British Admiralty "lent" him to the reformed Turkish Government in order that the Fleet should be reorganised, so that he has scarcely had time to bring his new charge up to the scratch.

A Neglected Navy.

It was long ago prophesied that Abdul Hamid would bitterly regret his neglect of his Navy. At that time it was thought that Russia would swoop down on him, but the disturbing element has arisen nearer home.

The state he allowed his warships to get into was scandalous. Not long ago an officer belonging to the British Mediterranean Squadron paid a visit to Constantinople and had a look at the naval might of Turkey.

He estimated that only one of them—a small cruiser named *Abdul Hamid*—would be able to put to sea at all. The rest lay on the mud-flats, disfiguring the Golden Horn. He could not discover when they had last been moved; it was so long ago that nobody remembered. Most of them were stripped, and several had their engines and boilers dismantled.

He was told that the Turkish "tars" never got a penny of their pay, so they resorted to what in dockyard slang is called "rabbiting."

The vessels were officially said to be capable of fourteen miles an hour, but unofficial experts declared they might do five miles an hour, but only that with assistance!

The story goes that Abdul Hamid rewarded the efforts

All about the Admiral in
Command of the Turkish
Fleet.

of one of his favourites by appointing him Minister of Marine. This gentleman soon discovered that looking after the Navy was an awful bore, and that it saved a lot of trouble to grab all the money that should have been spent on ships and men.

This state of things became so notorious that the Sultan one day was pleased to joke about it. Some sword-swallowers had visited Constantinople, and they were summoned to the Yildiz Kiosk to give a performance before his Imperial Majesty. The Minister of Marine was one of the amazed audience, and the Sultan turned to him with a smile.

"That man who swallows swords amazes you; but I know a man who can swallow a whole fleet of ironclads!"

It was time, then, that something should be done to put the Turkish Navy on a business footing, and one of the first efforts of the new régime was to secure someone who could thoroughly reorganise the Turkish Admiralty.

Rear-Admiral Sir Douglas Gamble was the man selected, and the British authorities gave their consent to his journey to Constantinople as an instruction officer.

Very Popular in Paris.

The gallant Admiral has seen a good deal of service in the British Navy, so that he is well qualified for the work he has taken in hand. He was also a member of the Naval Intelligence Department of the British Admiralty for several years, and from there he was promoted to be Naval Attaché at the British Embassy in Paris.

He was one of the most popular Englishmen in the Gay City, and he possesses proof of that in the Cross of the Legion of Honour with which he was decorated by the President. When the French Fleet made their celebrated trip to London in 1905 it was Sir Douglas who arranged the details of the visit.

Some of our esteemed contemporaries have been making terrible blunders over him. There is another Admiral Gamble, and certain papers have been crediting Sir Douglas Gamble with the doughty deeds of Sir Edward Harpur Gamble.

INVENTORS NOBODY BELIEVED IN.

WHEN the full story of the Wright Brothers comes to be written, and read by our descendants, the feature about the business that will almost certainly strike them as being more extraordinary than any other is that these two young men should have actually been flying through the air for years before anyone realised it.

It was in 1903 that they first soared as a bird soars; not merely glided, that is to say. And in 1905 they actually flew single distances in excess of twenty-four miles.

They published the great news to the world, as was only natural; but the world declined to believe them. It was only another "Yankee yarn," people said. But here, of course, they were wrong.

The Wrights have, however, this one consolation; their experience has but been on a par with most other great inventors. Nobody believed Stephenson, for example, when he said that he had built an engine capable of travelling at the rate of thirty miles an hour. It was held to be altogether impossible. Yet within a little while he had run his "Rocket" forty miles in that period of time.

It was only a little while back again since men were smiling sceptically at Marconi because he announced that he had succeeded in transmitting wireless signals across the Atlantic. To-day long messages are sent and received regularly by wireless backwards and forwards between England and America.

People thought Elias Howe was a lunatic, and said he was a liar, when he announced the advent of the sewing machine. He was, of course, like the Wrights, an American, and long after the practical utility of his invention had been demonstrated in that country, English tailors laughed it to scorn, one of their contentions being that no machine could be made to sew unless it could also be made to sit cross-legged.

In the same way it was not generally credited that Fulton had propelled ships by steam, until some considerable time after that epoch-making discovery was an accomplished fact.

Fogg: "You have seen Jones' wife. What is she like? Should you call her pretty?"

Fogg: "I might if I were talking to Jones."

The World's Best Stories.

Told Week by Week.

Three Mark Twain Stories.

QUITE a number of new Mark Twain stories are being told. Here are three of the best:—

"Speaking of Easter eggs," he said, at a dinner at the Authors' Club in New York, "I am reminded of the town of Squash."

"In my early lecturing days I went to Squash to lecture in Temperance Hall, arriving in the afternoon. The town seemed very poorly billed. I thought I'd find out if the people knew anything at all about what was in store for them; so I turned in at the general store."

"Good afternoon, friend," I said to the general storekeeper. "Any entertainment here to-night to help a stranger while away his evening?"

"The general storekeeper, who was sorting mackerel, straightened up, wiped his briny hands on his apron, and said:

"I expect there's goin' to be a lecture. I been sellin' eggs all day."

A Ready-Made Verdict.

AGAIN Mark Twain tells a story of the little town of Fargo, North Dakota, which once boasted a postmaster and coroner rolled into one person. This official was called one day to give his verdict upon the case of a stranger who had been the victim of a fit in the main street. As the man was known to nobody, he was hurried to the much-prized new "City Hospital."

There the case was diagnosed as appendicitis, but when the operation took place the attending surgeon discovered that the patient had been previously relieved of his appendix. The doctor endeavored to retract his steps, but the strange man died from the effects of the operation.

The postmaster-cornor, in rendering his verdict, filled in the space after "Cause of Death" with a rubber stamp which read "Opened by Mistake."

The Effect of a Too-Long Sermon.

IN a note on long sermons, a writer in a London paper recalls the story which Mark Twain once told a public meeting of the demoralising effect produced on him by too much sermon.

He was present, he said, at a charity service conducted by an eloquent but long-winded preacher. The appeal for funds went to everybody's heart, and Mark himself was so touched that he simply itched for the plate to come round in order that he might give the four hundred dollars he had in his pocket, and borrow more to put to it.

But time went on, the air grew hotter, he grew sleepier, and his enthusiasm went down a hundred dollars at a time, till at last, when the plate came round, he stole ten cents out of it.

One of Lord Roberts' Stories.

LORD ROBERTS tells how, on one occasion, finding himself short of cash, he drew a cheque for £50 to the order of his old servant, and sent him over to the bank to get it cashed. The servant handed it in, and the cashier examined it.

"You will have to endorse this," he remarked, as he pushed the cheque back.

The soldier stared.

"What for?" he asked.

"Well, I cannot pay the money unless you do," replied the clerk.

"Where shall I endorse it?" asked the servant.

"There," replied the clerk, as he pointed to the back of the cheque.

The soldier took the pen and wrote as follows:—

"I beg to say that I have known Lord Roberts for several years, and he has proved himself, times without number, to be as brave as a lion, but always kindly and considerate towards all who serve under him. And I have therefore great pleasure in respectfully endorsing his cheque.—James —"

Just Roosevelt's Way.

CLARA BARTON, founder of the American National Red Cross, tells the story of her encounter with Colonel Roosevelt in Cuba, and it is worth relating in her own words.

Early in the day there came to our improvised headquarters an officer in khaki uniform showing hard service, and a bandanna handkerchief hanging from his hat to protect the back of his head and neck from the fierce rays of the sun.

It was Colonel Roosevelt, and we were very glad to meet the gallant leader of the "Rough Riders." After a few moments' conversation, he said:—

"I have some sick men with my regiment who refused to leave it. They need such delicacies as you have here, and which I am ready to pay for out of my own pocket. Can I buy them from the Red Cross?"

"Not for a million dollars," Dr. Gardner replied.

"But my men need these things," he said, his tone and face expressing anxiety. "I think a great deal of my men. I am proud of them."

"And we know they are proud of you, Colonel. But

we can't sell Red Cross supplies," answered Dr. Gardner firmly.

"Then how can I get them? I must have proper food for my sick men," he said.

"Just ask for them, Colonel," replied Dr. Gardner.

"Oh," he said, his face suddenly lighting with a bright smile; "then I do ask for them."

"All right, Colonel; where is your list? Now, when will you send for these supplies," asked Dr. Gardner.

"They will be ready any time. Will you send to-day?"

"Lend me a sack, and I'll take them right along," he answered with characteristic decision.

Dr. Gardner at once looked up a sack, and when filled it must have held a good many pounds of supplies. Before we had recovered from our surprise the incident was closed by the future President of the United States slinging the big sack over his shoulders and striding off out of sight through the jungle.

How he said his Prayers.

THE late Mr. George Payne was a man whose whole existence may be said to have centred in the Turf, and many are the stories that have been told of his distaste for going to church; yet at heart he was anything but an irreligious man, as the following anecdote will show.

The late Lord Alexander Gordon Lennox was one night returning from some party with Mr. Payne. It was very late, and both were very tired.

Reaching the latter's house, Lord Alexander said, "Now, old fellow, you will be in bed in five minutes."

To which the answer was "No."

"Why?" continued the original speaker; "whatever are you going to do?"

To which George Payne replied, "I am going to say my prayers. I always have a bucket of cold water in my room, and if I am very tired put my head in it to waken me up to say my prayers."

Where G. B. S. Drew the Line.

WHEN George Bernard Shaw commenced his career as a critic he would not wear evening clothes. So at a theatre one night he was stopped at the entrance to the stalls by an usher, who didn't know him.

"You can't come in like that," the usher said.

"What do you object to—the velvet coat?" said Mr. Shaw.

The usher nodded sternly.

"Very well; it shall come off."

And in a jiffy the slender critic stood before the official in shirt sleeves of soft, pure, hygienic flannel.

"That won't do!" gasped the usher.

"Won't do?" said Mr. Shaw. "Well, you needn't think I'm going to take off any more. I should like to see this play very much, but I don't propose to run the risk of being mistaken for a society dowager."

And, laughing in his most Mephistophelian manner, he put on his coat again and departed.

Max Pemberton's First Book.

MAX PEMBERTON's first book was called "The Diary of a Scoundrel," and he had the usual trials and tribulations with it. Soon after its publication he received a letter from a firm of well-known solicitors complaining that he had grossly libelled a client of theirs.

The publisher of the book was in a state of alarm, and Mr. Pemberton took the bull by the horns and went to see the lawyers. He was at once shown into the principal's room.

"Your client claims to be the original of this picture, doesn't she?" the author asked.

"She does," was the reply.

"Have you read the book?" continued the author.

"No, I haven't."

"Is there any trouble about the age of my characters and the lady you represent?" was Mr. Pemberton's next question.

"Why do you ask?" exclaimed the lawyer.

"Because," said Pemberton, "my character happens to be seven years old."

The lawsuit fizzled out, but the book did not sell, and Mr. Pemberton declares to his positive knowledge that there was only one copy ever bought by anybody, and that was by a friend of his. The friend asked the boy in the bookshop for "The Diary of a Scoundrel."

"Humph!" ejaculated the boy, looking up. "I suppose that is the personal experience of the author, ain't it?"

EVERYBODY ELSE
IS READING

THE WORST MAN
- IN EUROPE -

IN
The Comet.

ONE PENNY. EVERY THURSDAY.

A's the Appeal, come list to my song;
B the Big Band who for holidays long.

He was Sure of his Mother.

THE German Empress, though somewhat overshadowed, the world thinks, by the Kaiser, is a woman of very real influence in her own circle, and is simply worshipped by her husband and children.

The love her sons bear her is well illustrated by a story told of the Crown Prince in his boyhood.

The Court chaplain was one day giving the Prince religious instruction and trying to impress upon him that all people are sinners.

"Well," blurted out His Imperial Highness, "father may be a sinner, as you say, but I'm quite sure mother isn't."

A Dutiful Husband.

MR. A. C. FLOWDEN, the magistrate, tells of a man who had over-estimated his capacity for the amber fluid, and who was arrested. In the police-court the next morning the usual charge of intoxication was filed against him, and he was fined 20s., which he promptly paid. This done, he went out with a very worried expression on his countenance, only to return a few minutes later and cautiously approach the clerk.

"Please, sir," he said, "would you just give me a receipt for that 20s. I paid you? I want to show my wife that I didn't spend all my money on drink."

D. B. Hill's Hat.

DAVID B. HILL, former Governor of New York, has a secluded hatter somewhere in the State who makes his high hats after elaborate plans drawn by Mr. Hill many years ago, and not changed since.

One night Governor Odell, of New York, was giving a reception in Albany, and Mr. Roosevelt, then elected Vice-President, met Mr. Hill.

Roosevelt wore a black rough-rider hat and Hill had one of his peculiar skypieces.

"Senator," said Roosevelt, "you should wear a hat like this one that I have on. They are much easier on the head, preserve the hair, and are altogether better than silk ones."

Mr. Hill looked at the coming Vice-President. "My dear sir," he said, "I haven't worn a hat like that since I went out of the show business."

A Delicate Situation.

WHEN a young man, the late Lord Chief Justice Russell was extremely fond of the stage, and frequently spent his evenings at one or other of the theatres.

One evening he was forced to stand, there being no vacant seats in the pit. Just as the curtain was raised, an old gentleman who was standing in the passage shouted out, "My watch has been stolen, and one of these four men has it"—pointing to a small group, among whom Russell was standing, close to the corner of the stage.

Of course there was a tremendous hubbub, everyone in the pit standing up to have a look at the daring gang.

A policeman was soon on the spot, and the whole four were led out to be examined.

It immediately occurred to young Russell that the real thief, on the alarm being raised, might have slipped the watch into his—Russell's—pocket. Sure enough, on placing his hand upon his tail-pocket, he could feel the outline and hard surface of the watch quite distinctly. Visions of a career blasted on its threshold by a sordid charge of pocket-picking rose before him.

Just as he was about to place his hand in his pocket and take out the "watch," in the hope that his explanation might be believed, a couple of detectives came in. They immediately seized one of the men, and, going up to Russell and his two fellow suspects, said, "It's all right, gentlemen, you can go. We've got our man here; he's one of the best-known pickpockets in London."

The "bulgy" thing in the future Lord Chief Justice's pocket was—his own snuff-box.

From South Africa.

MR. EDGAR WALLACE tells some very amusing anecdotes in writing on the humorous side of campaigning.

There arrived in the town commanded by a well-known peppery general, an officer of one of the Bushmen Corps, rough of language and fearless of gold lace.

It happened he was taking a morning liquor at the club when the general entered, and was passing through the room in which the Colonial stood, when he noticed that the Australian's face was unfamiliar. "Hi, you, sir!" he roared. "Who the dickens are you?"

The Colonial rose and saluted. "Captain J—, sir," he replied, "3rd Victorians."

"When did you arrive?" demanded the general.

"Yesterday, sir," was the reply.

"Why have you not reported yourself to me, sir?" demanded T—, adding a rider condemnatory to his listener's visual organs.

The Colonial was riled: "I went to your office; you were not in, but I saw two officers."

"Who were they?"

"I don't know their names," said the Colonial.

"Describe them then," said General T—.

"Well," said the Colonial desperately, for he had no gift of language, "one was an ugly-looking beggar with a beastly temper—"

"Good," interrupted T—, "that's my staff officer."

"And the other," continued the Australian, "was a silly ass of a chap with an eye-glass."

"Right you are, my boy," said the satisfied general, "the idiot's my A.D.C. Sorry to have troubled you."

YOU CAN
BEGIN TO-DAY.

THE GREATEST N

ORY EVER WRITTEN.

YOU CAN
BEGIN TO-DAY.



WHO KILLED PROFESSOR GREER

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN (continued). In which Ethelwynn Speaks.

ETHELWYNN'S present attitude of pretended ignorance of her father's fate struck me as both amazing and culpable.

"You say that the Professor was in Strassburg?" I said.

"Is he still there?"

"As far as I know," she replied, twisting her rings nervously around her thin white finger.

"Could I telegraph to him?" I ventured to suggest.

"Certainly, if you have business with him," she responded.

"I'll go and get the address." And she swiftly left the room, leaving on the air a sweet breath of violets, a bunch of which she wore in her belt.

A few minutes later she returned with a letter in her hand.

"His address is Kronenburger Strasse, number fifteen," she exclaimed. "Do you know Strassburg? It's just at the corner, by the bridge over the canal."

"I have never been in Strassburg," was my reply. "But I have important business with the Professor, so with your permission, I will telegraph to him from here."

"Most certainly," she said. "He tells me that his affairs are likely to keep him abroad for a considerable time. But—"

And she paused. At last she added:

"I have never heard him speak of you as a friend, Mr.—Mr. Holford."

"Perhaps not," I said quickly. "The fact is I'm a confidential friend of his, as well as of Mr. Kershaw Kirk."

"A friend of Mr. Kirk!" she cried, staring at me with a startled expression, half of fear, and half of surprise.

"Yes," I said. "I believe Mr. Kirk is an intimate friend both of your father and yourself. Is not that so?"

"Certainly. He's our very best friend. Both dad and I trust him implicitly," replied the girl. "Indeed, during my father's absence he is left in charge of my affairs."

For a moment I remained silent.

"He is your friend—eh?"

"Certainly. Why do you ask?"

"Well, because I feared that he was not your friend," I answered. "Do you happen to know his whereabouts?"

"He's abroad somewhere—but where I don't know."

"Ah!" I laughed lightly, in pretence of careless irresponsibility. "He has always struck me as a strange figure, ever mysterious, and ever evasive. Who and what is he?"

"You probably know as much of him, Mr. Holford, as I do," was the girl's answer. "I only know him to be an intimate friend of my father, and the ideal of an English gentleman. Of his profession, or of his past, I know nothing. My father, who knows him intimately, is always silent upon that point."

I noted that she spoke in the present tense, as though to preserve the fiction that her father was still alive. Ah! this girl with the innocent eyes and the wonderful hair, the beloved of young Leonard Langton, was an admirable actress, without a doubt. Without the tremble of an eye-lid, or the movement of a muscle of the mouth, she had actually declared to me that Professor Greer was still alive!

"To me, Kirk is a mystery," I declared, my gaze fixed straight into her eyes as I stood near the window where the wintry sunlight from across the sea fell full upon her; "at times I doubt him."

"And so does Mr. Langton," she responded. "But I think that the fears of both of you are quite groundless. Mr. Kirk is a little eccentric, that's all."

"When did you first know him?" I inquired.

"Oh! when I came back from Lausanne, where I had been at school, I found him to be my father's most trusted friend. They used to spend many evenings together in the study, smoking and discussing abstruse points of foreign politics in which I, a woman, have no interest."

"And has he always showed friendship towards you, Miss Greer?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, and to Leonard also, though of late I fear there has been some little unpleasantness between them."

At this I pricked my ears. I recollected that young Langton had, to me, pretended ignorance of the very existence of Kershaw Kirk! What was the meaning of his attitude towards the man whom I had so foolishly allowed to escape, and who had repaid my friendship by inducing my wife to travel upon a fool's errand, and, as I feared, fall into a fatal trap laid open for her.

Antonio had covertly threatened me, and I knew instinctively that my well-beloved Mabel was now in direst peril.

Ah! that wild fevered life I was now leading was one continuous whirl of dread, of suspicion, and of dark despair.

"You have actual knowledge that Mr. Langton has quarrelled with Kirk?" I asked at last.

"Yes, and I much regret it, for Mr. Kirk has been our very good friend throughout. It was he who urged my father to allow Mr. Langton to pay court to me," she added. "It was he who made the suggestion that we might be allowed to marry. Such being the case, how can I think ill of the eccentric old fellow?"

"Of course not," I said, "but is your trust really well-founded, do you think? Are you quite certain that he is your friend—or only your pretended ally?"

"I am quite certain," she declared, "I have had proof abundant of it."

"Your father did not, I believe, tell you of his projected visit to Germany before leaving?"

"No," was her reply. "He went up to Edinburgh, but after having left me was suddenly compelled to alter his plans. He crossed to the Hook of Holland, travelling from York to Harwich without returning to London."

"This he has told you?"

"Yes, in a letter he wrote from Cologne. I wanted to join him, but he would not allow me, and ordered me to come down

idled along the deserted jetty and promenade throughout the bleak, bright afternoon in eager expectation of a response from the impostor. My thought was ever on my dear lost Mabel. Fettered by ignorance and mystery, I knew not in which direction to search, nor could I discern any motive by which we should be thus parted.

My tea I took in the hotel and afterwards smoked a cigar, until just before six the waiter handed me a message, a brief reply to mine, which read:

"Why are you running risks in Broadstairs, when you should be elsewhere? Be judicious and leave.—GREER."

I read the message over a dozen times. What risks could Kirk be running by coming to Broadstairs? Was not that telegram essentially a word of warning given by one accomplice to another?

And yet Ethelwynn trusted Kirk just as blindly and foolishly as her father had done.

But was not the truth a strange one? She had concealed from me, as she was concealing from the world, that the Professor had died at the hand of an unknown assassin.

Or was it that she herself was an accomplice?

No, I could never believe that. I refused to give credence to any such suggestion.

I ascended the long hill to Broadstairs station, and half an hour later left for Victoria. My intention was to go direct to Strassburg and there to discover and unmask the impostor. But ere I reached London the night mail for the Continent had already left Charing Cross, so I took a taxi to my lonely home, where Gwen was awaiting me, still anxious and expectant.

I told her of the fruitlessness of my errand, whereupon she sank back into her chair staring straight into the fire.

In brief I explained that I had discovered the existence of a person in Strassburg who could probably give me a clue to the whereabouts of Kirk and Mabel. Hence my intention of departing by the first service next morning.

"Cannot you telegraph and ask?" suggested the girl. "We seem, Harry, to be losing so much time," she added frantically. "You haven't been to the police."

"I know, Gwen," I said in sorrow, "but I can't do more. To telegraph further might close the channel of our inquiry. No, we must still remain patient."

Then, after snatching some food which had been left in the dining-room for me, I swallowed a glass of burgundy and entered the small room which I used as my particular den.

From there I rang up Pelham on the telephone, and heard the latest details concerning the business which I was now sadly neglecting. Afterwards I sat down and wrote an advertisement for the *Times*, an appeal addressed to "Silence" for news of my lost wife, an appeal which at the same time contained a veiled threat of exposure of the affair in Sussex Place.

This I concluded, and, ringing up an express messenger, dispatched it to Printing House Square.

Then, with sudden resolve, I went forth to Wimpole Street to call upon Leonard Langton.

I found him in his cosy, well-furnished chambers, busy writing letters, while the round-faced man seated in a big arm-chair by the fire smoking a pipe he introduced as his chum with whom he shared chambers, Doctor Hamilton Flynn.

"Flynn's a specialist on the nose and throat," he laughed. "He has his consulting rooms along in Harley Street, and we pig it here together."

"Jolly comfortable quarters," I remarked, glancing round.

"I called here before, but you were out."

"Yes, so sorry!" he exclaimed. "Sit down and have a cigar," and he handed me a box of most excellent weeds.

"Well," exclaimed the smart young fellow who was the confidential secretary of Sir Albert Oppenheim, "I'm really glad to see you again, Mr. Holford. That was a most mysterious incident at Sussex Place the other evening," he added. "I'm still convinced that somebody was in the house. The Professor's furnace was alight, you recollect, and the laboratory door stood open."

"Langton has told me all about it," remarked the Doctor in a deep voice; "very curious, it seems."

"Most extraordinary," I declared, "and the more so that Merli, the butler, should have suddenly disappeared. The other day I met him in Rome."

"Met Antonio!" gasped Ethelwynn's lover, staring at me in amazement. "Have you been to Italy?"

"Yes. I told him of our search, but he declared himself

BY READING THIS YOU CAN TAKE UP THE THREAD OF THE STORY.

Professor Greer, scientist, lives in Sussex Place, Regent's Park. He is called away to Edinburgh by telegram, and is supposed to be there when discovered in his own laboratory, in Sussex Place, stabbed to the heart.

Ethelwynn, the Professor's daughter. She is also discovered and pronounced to be dead the same day as her father's body is found, but how, it is impossible to say, there being no wound of any kind.

Kershaw Kirk, a mysterious man. He is implicated in the mystery of the Professor's death, and after binding his neighbour, Mr. Holford, to secrecy, astounds him with the startling news that he is suspected of the crime and cannot prove an alibi.

Mr. Holford, the man who tells the story. The mystery surrounding the two deaths so arouses his curiosity that he decides to unravel it himself. He suspects Kershaw Kirk.

Antonio, the Professor's valet and manservant.

Leonard Langton, Ethelwynn's lover. He is in Paris at the time of the two crimes.

Last week's chapters told how Mr. Holford, on his return to London, discovered that his wife had been decoyed to Florence by a bogus telegram.

He immediately followed her, only to find that she had left Florence for Rome with a man posing as her husband. Mystified and perturbed, Mr. Holford hurried on to Rome, where he met Antonio. Antonio feigned ignorance concerning both Mrs. Holford's whereabouts and the Professor's death. He only advised Mr. Holford to refrain from going to the police, for his own and his wife's safety.

Seeing nothing was to be gained from Antonio, and being unable to trace his wife in Rome, Mr. Holford returned to England to see Ethelwynn, the girl he had seen dead, yet who, so Leonard Langton said, was alive and staying at Broadstairs. Ethelwynn is actually alive, and she astounded Mr. Holford by telling him that her father was in Germany, and that he had written to her three days previously from Strassburg.

here. He is very busy concerning one of his recent discoveries."

"Ah!" I sighed. "He would not allow you to go to him—eh?"

"No, he made excuse that the weather was better just now in Broadstairs than in Southern Germany, and said that his future movements were very uncertain, and that he could not be hampered by a woman."

In that reply I recognised an evasiveness which was natural. The Professor himself was dead, and this mysterious person posing as him was, of course, disinclined to meet Ethelwynn face to face.

Yet that even surely did not affect the girl's amazing attitude? She herself had seen her father dead, yet was now actually assisting the impostor to keep up the fiction that he was still alive!

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

In which I Draw the Impostor.

HAVING invented a story of a secret business friendship with the Professor, I remained with his pretty daughter for perhaps a quarter of an hour longer.

From her I further learned that Leonard Langton was now back in London, and that Kirk had written her implicit instructions to remain at Broadstairs for the present.

Then I bade her farewell, and walked back along the cliffs, past the Grand Hotel to the quaint parade of the old-fashioned little watering-place, turning up to the chemist's shop, which is, at the same time, the post-office.

Thence I dispatched a telegram addressed to Professor Greer at the address in Strassburg which his daughter had given me, appending Kirk's name, and asking for a reply to be sent to the Albion Hotel, one of the few in Broadstairs open all the year round.

Afterwards I strolled to the hotel, ate my luncheon, and

C is the Cheques that we hope you will write
D is the Day of the alum child's delight.

ignorant of everything, though he admitted having seen you passing through the buffet at Calais-Maritime."

"What is he doing in Rome?"

"I have no idea; I was there in a vain endeavour to recover my lost wife. She has been misled by a forged telegram purporting to come from myself and is somewhere on the Continent. Where, however, I cannot tell."

"You've lost your wife, eh?" asked the doctor, glancing strangely across at his companion, I thought. His face was dark and aquiline, his shoulders sloped. He was not a man to be trusted. "You think she's been tricked?" he added.

"Why?"

"Ah, at present I can form no theory as to the motive. If I could I might perchance discover the person responsible for her disappearance," and I briefly told him of my frantic journey to the Italian capital.

"And now I am going to Strassburg to-morrow," I added. "Why to Strassburg?" inquired Doctor Flynn, regarding me fixedly with those keen eyes of his.

"Because Professor Greer is there, and I have an idea that he can tell me something."

"The Professor is no longer there," was Langton's quick interruption. "Half an hour ago I spoke to Ethelwynn on the telephone, and she told me that she had just heard by telegraph from her father that he had left for Linz on his way to Hungary."

My heart fell within me. Evidently my telegram signed Kirk had scared the man passing himself off as the Professor.

"But I might go on to Linz, or catch him up somewhere in Hungary," I suggested.

"It would be futile, my dear fellow," said Langton.

"Why?"

"Well—just at present Professor Greer wishes to be left entirely alone by his friends."

"But there must be some reason," cried, for there seemed on every hand to be a conspiracy of silence against me.

"There is a reason," replied the young man in a low, calm voice, "one which, however, seems mysterious."

"Ah!" I cried. "Then even you are mystified by these strange happenings?"

"Yes," he replied, knocking the ash from his cigar, "I have had certain suspicions aroused, Holford—vague suspicions of something wrong in the Professor's household. Antonio is absent, the servants have all been paid and dispersed, the house in Sussex Place is closed, and—"

"And the Professor is a fugitive, fleeing towards Hungary," I added. "Has not Miss Ethelwynn told you anything?"

"What she has told me has been in complete confidence. It has caused me a great deal of surprise and apprehension, Holford, and this surprise has been increased by what you have told me this evening—that your wife has been enticed away—and is missing."

"But what connection can my wife possibly have with any occurrence at the house of Professor Greer?" I demanded. "She was in ignorance of everything. She was not even acquainted with Greer. I might tell you that to-day I have been down to Broadstairs and seen Miss Ethelwynn," I added.

"Ethelwynn did not seem to remember ever having met you when I told her of our encounter at the door, and the subsequent events."

"I am a friend of the Professor's, not of his daughter," I hastened to explain. "But are you absolutely certain that a journey to Strassburg to-morrow would be useless?"

"Absolutely. If Greer consented to see his friends I would be the first to see him."

"And he has refused even you—eh?" I asked, smiling within myself at the superior knowledge I possessed.

"He has. He refuses, too, to allow his daughter to go to him."

"But why?" I asked.

"For reasons known, I suppose, to himself."

"Does he give none?"

"He vaguely answers that certain matters concerning a great scientific discovery he has made compel him to at present hold aloof from both family and friends. He fears, I think, that someone who has discovered his secret may betray it."

"But surely Ethelwynn would not?" I cried. "I desire to see the Professor because I feel confident he can, if he will, explain the motive of the trap into which my wife has fallen."

"If he refuses to see his own daughter he will hardly see you," remarked the dark-faced doctor. "Under exactly what circumstances has Mrs. Holford disappeared?"

I briefly explained, at the same time regarding the round-shouldered specialist with some antagonism. To me, it appeared as though he were erecting an invisible barrier between myself and the knowledge of the truth. He seemed entirely Langton's friend, corroborating his every word.

And the more curious became his attitude when at last I remarked with firm and resolute air:

"Well, if Professor Greer refuses to see me, then I shall invoke the aid of the police. They will probably very soon discover him, wherever he may be."

"I hardly think that would be a wise policy," remarked Flynn, tossing his cigar-end into the fire, and rising quickly from his chair, "unless, of course, you could make some direct charge against him."

I was silent for a moment.

"And if I did? What then?" I asked, speaking boldly in a clear voice, my eyes fixed upon his, for remember I was fighting for knowledge of my dear wife's whereabouts.

"Well—if you did," was his deliberate reply, "it would be you yourself that would suffer, Mr. Holford—and no one else."

Was it not astounding, startling?

This doctor, the bosom friend of Ethelwynn's lover, had given me exactly the same threatening reply as Antonio had given me on the Pincian in Rome.

What could it mean? The reason why the false Professor was avoiding friends and enemies alike was, of course, sufficiently plain to me. But for what reason was my well-beloved Mabel, the loving wife whom I adored, held in the unscrupulous hands of those who killed Professor Greer?

And why was every effort of mine to discover her met only by threats of impending disaster?

I gazed at the two men before me in silent defiance.

If it cost me my own life I intended to discover her and hold her dear form once again in my arms.

She was mine—mine before God and before man; and these persons seeking for some mysterious motive to shield the false Professor should not further stand in the way of justice.

"You think I dare not go to the police?" I cried at last. "Very well, if you care to come with me to Scotland Yard now—for I am going straight there—I will, in the presence of both of you, unfold a strange tale which they'll be very much surprised to hear."

"You believe you know the truth?" laughed Langton. "No, my dear Holford. Don't be such a fool! The police cannot help us in this affair, for the mystery is far too complicated. Keep your own counsel."

"Yes," I sneered, "and depend upon the man of whom you have denied all knowledge—the man Kershaw Kirk."

"Kershaw Kirk!" gasped the doctor, and I saw that he went pale, his dark eyes starting from his head. "Do you know him? Is he—is he your friend, Mr. Holford—or—or your enemy?"

CHAPTER NINETEEN.

In which Gwen Reveals Something.

It struck me that this keen-eyed, crafty-faced, round-shouldered specialist in diseases of the throat intended to profit by information derived from me regarding the mysterious Kirk. Why, I did not know. We all of us have at times a strange intuition of impending evil, one that we cannot account for and cannot describe.

Recollect, I was only just an ordinary man, a hard-working industrious dealer in motor-cars, a man who made a fair income, who was no romancer, and was entirely devoted to his wife who had, ever since his marriage, been his best friend and adviser.

The Professor was a scientist, I remembered, and this man Hamilton Flynn was apparently a doctor of some note. Could there be any connection between the pair? I wondered. Flynn, Langton's most intimate friend, was no doubt aware of much, if not all, that transpired in the Professor's household. That he knew Kershaw Kirk was apparent by his surprise when I mentioned his name.

"Kirk is a mere acquaintance of mine," I responded, after a brief pause; "whether he is my friend, or my enemy, remains to be seen."

"He's your enemy, depend upon that, Mr. Holford," declared Flynn emphatically. "He is a marvellously clever schemer, and the friend of few."

I bit my lip. Well did I know, alas! that the fellow whose asides to his pet 'Jacob' were so entertaining was not my friend.

It was upon my tongue to explain how the description of that man who was travelling with my wife in search of me tallied with that of my strange neighbour who had, with such subtle cunning, drawn me into that mysterious tragedy. But next second I hesitated. This man Flynn I mistrusted. My impression was that he was not playing a straight game, either with myself or with his friend Leonard Langton.

A thousand questions I had to ask those men—and Langton especially—but I saw by their attitude that their intention was rather to mislead me than to reveal anything. When I presently bade them farewell neither of them offered to assist me in my search for Mabel.

Therefore I went forth into the darkness and silence of Wimpole Street—for it was now near midnight—and walked down into Oxford Street ere I could find a taxi-cab to convey me back to my now cheerless home.

Lying awake that night I decided to postpone my journey to Germany. It was evident that the impostor passing himself off as the Professor had taken my telegram purporting to come from Kirk as a warning, and had escaped. I had been a fool to telegraph. I should have gone there instead. His reason for keeping up the fiction that the Professor was alive was, of course, obvious, for while he did so there would be no inquiry into the whereabouts of the missing man.

I had made a promise to Kershaw Kirk, yet now that he had so grossly deceived me, why should I keep it? Why should I not tell the truth?

I reflected; there were, I saw, three reasons why I should still preserve silence. The first was because, after that lapse of time, I should be suspected, perhaps arrested, as an accomplice and dragged through a criminal court. The second was that Ethelwynn herself was, for some amazing reason, pretending that her father still lived; and the third was by reason of the strange threat of Mabel's death uttered by the evil-faced Italian, and repeated by that Harley Street specialist who was Leonard Langton's closest friend.

The assassins were actually holding my dear wife as hostage against any revelation I dare to make! That, in a word, was the true position.

I paced my room that night in the agony of despair. Of nothing did I think but the dear, sweet-faced woman so suddenly enticed away from my side by reason of her eagerness to meet me. She was a woman of high ideals and of lofty sentiments; a womanly woman who, though fond of a little gaiety and of the theatre, realised that her place was in her own home, where she reigned supreme.

Before my marriage my father, as fathers will, had looked upon her with considerable misgiving. She was a little too flighty, too fond of dress, of dinners, and dances, he had said. But after our wedding and our honeymoon spent in a car touring up in Scotland, she had settled down, and never for a single instant had I regretted my choice. Few men could say that.

Indeed, up to that day when Kershaw Kirk called to inspect the Eokhardt tyre, I was one of the happiest men in all London; prosperous in my business, and contented in my love.

Now, alas! all had changed. I was obsessed by the knowledge of a great and startling secret, and at the same time I had lost all that to me was most dear and cherished.

Next morning Gwen, fresh in her clean cotton blouse, and the big black bow in her hair, sat in her accustomed place at the breakfast table, but after greeting me lapsed into a thoughtful silence.

At last she asked:

"Have you packed your things, Harry?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you!" I exclaimed. "I'm not going to-day. I've changed my mind."

"Not going? Why I thought you intended to see the Professor in Strassburg?" she cried.

"He has left," I sighed; "I learned last night that he is on his way to Hungary."

"And will you not follow?" asked the girl in reproach.

"Will you not try and discover where Mabel is?"

"I've tried, Gwen—and failed," I answered despairingly.

"You have not told me all, Harry," she said, looking across at me. At the head of the table was Mabel's empty place. "You have concealed something from me," she declared.

"It is nothing that you should know," was my quick reply. "My own private business does not concern you, Gwen—or Mabel either."

"But surely I ought to know the truth? Mabel has been decoyed away abroad, and there must be some motive for it," she replied in bitter complaint.

"Of course, my dear girl, but even I, in the knowledge of what has passed, cannot discern what the motive can be. If I could, all would be plain-sailing, and we would soon recover her," I said.

"Who is this Professor of whom you have spoken?" she asked, leaning her elbows upon the table, and gazing straight into my eyes.

"Professor Greer—the well-known chemist."

"Greer?" echoed the girl, staring at me strangely.

"Yes, why?"

But she hesitated, as though disinclined to tell me something which was upon her mind.

"You know the Professor, eh, Harry?"

"I've met him once," I replied, which was perfectly true.

"And only once?" she asked.

"Only once," was my quick response.

"That's curious."

"Why?"

"Well—well, I suppose I ought not to tell you, for, of course, Harry—it's no business of mine," remarked the girl, "but as Mabel is now missing, no fact should be concealed, and I think you really ought to know that—"

"That what?" I cried. "Tell me quickly, Gwen! Conceal nothing from me!"

"Well—that Mabel one morning received a note delivered by express messenger, and I asked her who it was from. She seemed unusually flurried, and told me that it was from Professor Greer."

"But she never knew him!" I gasped. "What day was that?"

"The day before you returned from Glasgow."

"The same day on which she received that telegram from Italy purporting to be signed by me!" I exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me this before, Gwen?"

"Mabel's affairs have nothing to do with me. I am not interested in her correspondents, Harry," she replied. "Surely it is not my place to carry tales to you, is it?"

"No; pardon me," I said, hastening to excuse myself, "but in this affair the truth must be told."

"Then why haven't you told it to me?" asked the girl.

"Why are you so carefully hiding other facts?"

"Because they are of concern only to myself—a secret which is mine, and mine alone."

"And it does not concern Mabel?" she demanded.

"No," I replied hoarsely, "except that her acquaintance with the Professor has placed a new phase upon the mystery. Tell me all that happened concerning that note."

"It came about eleven o'clock in the morning," she said. "I saw a telegraph-boy come up the steps, and believed he had a message from you. Annie took the note and brought it here into the dining-room, where Mabel signed for it. She read it through, and I saw that it caused her a great shock of surprise. Her hands were trembling. I inquired what was the matter, but she made some evasive reply. I demanded to know who it was from, and she replied that her correspondent's name was Greer. 'He ought never to have written to me,' she added. 'Men are sometimes most injudicious.' Then she rose and placed the letter in the flames, watching it until it had been burned."

"And is that all?" I demanded, astounded at the girl's story.

"Yes, except that for some hours afterwards she seemed very upset. To me it appeared as though she had received word of some unusual occurrence. At noon she called a taxi by telephone, and went out. She did not return for luncheon, so I was alone. At three she came back and I saw that she looked pale and distressed, while her eyes were red, as though she had been crying. But I attributed that to our ignorance of where you were. You know, Harry, how upset she is if when you are away you don't write or wire to her every day?" added the girl.

The story held me utterly speechless. That Mabel was acquainted in secret with the Professor astounded me. But it had been the false Professor who had written to her. Possibly the fellow was already in London while I was searching for him in Glasgow, and if so, what more probable than that she should have met him by appointment?

Not one single instant did I doubt Mabel's truth and love for me. If she had met this impostor, then she had been the victim of some cleverly-planned plot. I was incensed only against the perpetrators of that foul crime in Sussex Place, not against the sweet, soft-spoken woman who was so near my heart. Mabel was my wife, my love, my all-in-all.

Poor Gwen, watching my face intently, believed that she had acted as a sneak towards her sister, but I quickly reassured her that it was not so. Her revelations had sent my thoughts into a different channel.

"The telegram summoning her to Italy came after her return?" I asked.

"Yes, she was upset, and would eat no tea," the girl answered. "Her conversation was all the time of you."

"Harry is in danger," she said several times. 'Something tells me that he is in the greatest danger.' Then, when the message came, she became almost frantic in her anxiety for your welfare, saying, 'Did I not tell you so? My husband is in peril. He is the victim of a plot!'"

"You never heard her speak of the Professor before?" I inquired.

"Never, Harry. And, truth to tell, I was surprised that

**It is the Engine which takes them from town
F the Fresh Air Fund of fame and renown.**

she should receive a letter from a man whom she admitted to me was unknown to you."

"She told you that?" I cried.
"She said that you were not acquainted with the Professor, and that you might object to him writing to her, if you knew."
"Then she was in fear of discovery, eh?" I asked in a husky voice.

"Yes," faltered the girl. "It—it almost seemed as though she was. But really, Harry, I—I know I've done wrong to tell you all this. I—I'm quite ashamed of myself. But it is because I am in such great fear that something has happened to my sister."

"You have done quite right, Gwen," I assured her. "The circumstances have warranted your outspokenness. Some men might perhaps misjudge their wives in such a case, but I love Mabel, and she loves me. Therefore I will believe no ill of her. She is the innocent victim of a plot, and by Heaven," I cried fiercely, "while I live I'll devote my whole life to its exposure, and to the just punishment of any who have dared to harm her!"

CHAPTER TWENTY.

in which One Traveller Returns.

ONE fact was quite plain. It was the false Professor who had written to my wife. For aught I knew the man whom I had followed from Edinburgh to Glasgow might have already been in London, and she might have met him by appointment.

During the morning I took the "forty-eight," and ran over to Regent's Park, passing slowly before both front and back of the house in Sussex Place. The blinds were up, but from the condition of the doorsteps it was plain that the place was tenanted.

From the "London Directory" I obtained the number of Lady Mellor's, in Upper Brook Street, and called. The fat butler told me that Morgan, Miss Greer's maid, had left with her mistress, and as far as he knew was down at Broadstairs with her. Her ladyship was at Bordighera.

I inquired if he knew anything of the other servants at Professor Greer's.

"No, nothing," was the man's answer. "At least, nothing except that the Professor went abroad suddenly, and that they were all discharged and given wages in lieu of notice."

"That Italian fellow discharged them, didn't he?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. I never liked him. He's gone abroad with his master, they say, and they've left a caretaker in charge."

"Oh, there is someone there, eh?"

"Yes, a policeman named Murphy and his wife. They used to take care of this house for her ladyship, and Miss Ethelwynn has now given her father's house over to them. They're a very steady pair, and live on the premises."

Surely it was a master stroke of the girl's to give over to the police that house of tragedy! Why was she concealing the fact of her father's death?

I drove back to Chiswick with that one thought uppermost in my mind.

That afternoon I sat in my own office trying to attend to the details of a business too long neglected, and listening mechanically to Pelham, to Dick Drake, and to the others in my employment, who were complaining of the unsatisfactory trials of a new car I had recently purchased.

Professor Greer was dead, and every trace of the crime removed, save for those grim, indisputable relics which I had recovered from the ashes and now held most sacred. But further, my dear wife, whose knowledge of the impostor was so amazing, was also missing.

The one point which, I confess, caused me some qualms, was the reason why, not discovering me, she had not telegraphed to Gwen. That, surely, would be her first thought. If she had missed me, she would surely have let either Gwen or Pelham know.

Hence I could only think that she had either fallen into some fatal trap—and there are many in the by-ways of certain Continental cities—or else she was forcibly held from communicating with the outer world. If so, by whom? Probably by the Professor's false friend, Kershaw Kirk.

I could not put away from my mind the curious attitude of Hamilton Flynn. Why had he endeavoured to frighten me from going to Scotland Yard? What motive had he in this? In what manner was he assisting his friend, Leonard Langton?

Again, was Langton in ignorance of the Professor's end, or had he knowledge of it, and was it by his persuasion that his beloved was so cleverly feigning ignorance of all the past?

I began to suspect that these two men, bosom chums that they were, had some hidden motive for concealing the Professor's death. Yet, after all, the point most amazing was the reason why, in the face of facts now revealed, my mysterious neighbour should have taken such pains to reveal the truth to me.

That evening, after a hasty meal at home with Gwen, I went back to the garage, put on a greasy engineer's suit which I sometimes wore when doing dirty work around the cars, and buttoned over it a frayed tweed coat belonging to one of the men. Then with a cap on, and a pipe in my mouth, I went forth, and made my way on the top of a motor-bus to the corner of Wimpole Street.

If Flynn went out I intended to watch his proceedings, for though I entertained only a vague suspicion of Langton, yet I felt confident that his friend was not acting squarely.

Have you ever been seized with misgivings of a person whom you have no just cause to doubt? Is not such a feeling the result of some unseen evil influence radiating from the person suspected—often quite rightly?

My first impression of this specialist in diseases of the throat and nose was a bad one.

Therefore, I strolled up the long, eminently-respectable street, crossing Wigmore Street and Queen Anne Street, until a few doors on the left before coming into Great Marylebone Street, I halted before the house wherein the pair shared chambers.

(Another long instalment of this remarkable mystery story next week.)

[This story commenced in No. 978 of "Pearson's Weekly." Back numbers may be obtained for one penny each, or the complete set for 5d. post free from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.]



The News of McTosh

A Delightful Series by ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

On
Mighty Hunters.

"A'm thinkin', Laird," said Sandy, as he took a liberal pinch from McTosh's snuff box, "that we'll be hearin' vairy little o' Meester President Roosevelt noo that he's got tae Africa at last."

"Ye're a' wrang, Sandy Macphairson, as usual," said the Laird. "A man doesna run intae danger in these times wi'oot lettin' the papers ken a' about it. Meester Roosevelt is gaun tae shoot lions and ither beasties for which we hae nae furthure use the noo, and ilka day he will sit doon and write about his hair-breadth escapes."

"In the days o' lang syne, a man went oot tae hunt for the bare love o' sport; but the noo ye ken he has sae many opportunities o' makin' a wee bit siller oot o' the story o' his mairvellous adventures, that he canna resist the temptation. We're a' purr weak bodies where the bawbees are consarned, Sandy Macphairson, and we maun be aye graspin' for them."

"I'm tellt," said Sandy, "that 'tis expected that Meester Roosevelt will be daein' great things in Africa."

"There's nae doot about it," replied McTosh. "I'm no sayin', mind ye, that tinea a gran' thing for a man tae gang oot into the hairt o' the forest and aim a leeving by riskin' his life in sic a manner, but ye may be sure that Mr. Roosevelt's adventures will lose naethin' in the tellin'. When a man is writin' about his ain bravery, he's apt tae be carried awa' at times by the grandeur o' the topic. But it's no that pairt o' the beesness that consarns us maistly."

Meester Roosevelt's Latest Splore.

"What we hae to contemplate is the fact that in a few weeks' time the world will be fu' o' peectures and writin's about Mr. Roosevelt. He has taken laddies wi' him carryin' photographic plates and sic, and sooner or later the paipers will be fu' o' the great man's doin's. As sune as a lion is obsairved tae be gettin' ready tae be kilt, the foreman wull whistle tae the photographer tae tak' oop his poseetion, an' the body-guards wull stan' by, ready tae club the lion intae unconsciousness if it should attempt tae escape."

"Then the pooblicity department wull begin. There wull be peectures o' Meester Roosevelt callin' for his gun; Meester Roosevelt's face as he meets the lion, and the lion's face as it meets Meester Roosevelt; Meester Roosevelt snickin' the lion off at twal' hunderd yards; Meester Roosevelt's catch-as-catch-can wrussle wi' a wounded lion, and finally Meester Roosevelt writin' hame tae his mither that his wounds are nae serious, and that the doctor expects him tae be a' richt in about an hour or sae."

"The paipers wull be glad tae be gettin' the news, A'm thinkin'," said Sandy.

Kens the Worrth of a Bawbee.

"The paipers wunna hae the news at first," replied the Laird. "'Tis a' copyrighted beforehand. Meester Roosevelt kens on which side his bread is bootered, and any paiper that wants to hae news o' his mairvellous exploits wull hae tae pay cash doon for the preevilege. Meester Roosevelt has a paiper o' his ain, an' he's keepin' the exclsosive richts o' publication for himsel'. I hae nae doot that Meester Roosevelt is a Scotsman. I wadna be surprised tae hear that he was frae Aberdeen."

"I was tellt that his ancestorens were Dutch," Sandy ventured to explain.

"'Tis a sma' matter," replied the Laird. "The Dutch are like a' the ither people o' the worl'd: they hae lairned a' they know from the Scots. Meester Roosevelt kens the worrth o' a bawbee as weel as ony man. 'Tis a gran' peety that photographs and news-paipers hae been invented sae late in the heestory o' the worl'd. Man Sandy, can ye no imageene hoo usefu' sic things wad hae been tae Robert Bruce at Bannockburn? We could hae had peectures o' Robert Bruce gaun intae action, and a cinematograph o' Robert Bruce fechtin' like the de'il for Bonnie Scotland, and then writin' an account o' his glorious veectory for the news agencies"

THE BOOK FOR THE BOYS.

The Boys of the Otter Patrol.

By E. Le BRETON-MARTIN.

Now on Sale, price 1s. Presentation edition in handsome cloth cover 2s. 6d., post free 2s. 9d. Order from your newsagent or from A. F. SOWTER, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

G is the Good that holidays do
H is the Happy Hours all the day through. (Continued on page 941.)

at twa sheelings a worrd. Man Sandy, 'tis ma ain opinien that Scotland in the airly days o' her heestory was hairdly done by."

Doon the Watter tae Dundee.

"I canna a'thegither see the guid o' rinnin intae danger for the sake o' a wee bit siller, Laird," said Sandy.

"Hoot awa' man!" cried McTosh, "there's nae ower muckle danger about it, ye ken. I hae done waur things than that for ma leeving. I mind me when I was a laddie ma employer offered tae gie me twenty poods gin I wad gang doon tae Dundee by watter and dae some beesiness for him there. Ma mither said I wad never come back alive; but there was the twenty poods tae conseed, Sandy Macphairson, and I was no the man tae mis a chance like yon. I'll no tell ye what I went through on that awfu' ship. I thoct I was deid mony a time before we got tae Dundee; but I got ma twenty poods, Sandy—and I've never pairted wi' it since."

"Meester Roosevelt is nae gaun oot for sic a wee bit money as I had to aim; and I doot if he is rinnin' intae sae muckle danger as I had tae gang through. There's nae sae mony savage beasties in Africa as there may hae once been. The hunters that had nae newspapers and nae photographic macheenery ha' kilt the maist pairt o' them, and I'm tellt that the pair beasties that are left are a' numbered and labelled, and gin ye kill one o' them ye must send worrd tae the Government sae that they may send doon anither tae tak' its place."

"A man was tellin' me a while since that the only sairtain way o' findin' lions in Africa wad be tae tak' them there yoursel'; and that ye wull hae tae gang oot and feed them ilka mornin' till they're fat enough tae shoot."

"I mind me once that I read o' a huntin' man that went oot and foond a lion in the jungle and as sune as the king o' beasties saw him, it sat doon on its haunches and beggit like a dog, and then began tae greet like a wee bairn that has lost its mither. So the huntin' man hadna the hairt tae shoot the pair beastie, and kilt it wi' a wee bit poisoned meat instead."

"A'm thinkin' there wad be ither beasties besides lions oot in Africa," said Sandy.

"Aye," replied the Laird. "I'm no an authority on the matter, but I hae heard tell o' a kinds o' beasties doon there. There wad be elephants tae begin wi', though I'm tellt that an elephant wull no harm ye if ye treat it kindly, and dinna get in its road when 'tis in a hurry. Then there's the hipponoceros, which they say—"

"I hae never heard tell o' the hipponoceros," confessed Sandy.

Hunters Their Ain Reporters.

"Man, Sandy Macphairson, but your education has been maist awfu' neglected," replied the Laird, in commiserating tones. "Ye should hae lairned at schule that the hipponoceros is an animal twice as big as an elephant. It hops aboot like a toadie, and spits fire. Nae doot Meester Roosevelt wull hae a photograph tae show o' one o' the beasties, though whether 'twull be afraid o' him, or whether he wull be afraid o' the beastie, 'tis ower soon tae tell the noo."

"But, in my opinion, there's nae muckle tae fear frae the beasties in the huntin' places o' Africa noo, ye ken. The pair animals hae got sae frichted that they say ye hae to hunt them for days before ye can hope tae catch oop with them."

"Maistly the hunters that gang tae Africa are the ain reporters, and when a man is badly skeert at some-thing that's happened 'tis nae deeficult for him tae believe that he's a born hero wha has been facing a great danger. I'm nae for sayin' that Meester Roosevelt is a man wha wad sit doon and write tae his mither aboot dangers that had never existed; but when you find yoursel' in a wild country far frae hame, you are apt tae imageene that the de'il's waitin' for ye behind ilka bush, when maist times there'll be naething there at a' but your ain shadow."

Needs a Guid Photograph.

"But a man canna help writin' as he feels, and, besides, Meester Roosevelt has got tae mak' his story interestin' for the readers o' his paiper. So if ye see a photograph of him chasin' a hipponoceros wi' a big stick, ye'll ken he doesna want tae hurt the pair beastie, but needs tae get a photograph that wull mak' his readers want tae buy the next number o' the paiper."

"In the same manner, if ye see a photograph of Meester Roosevelt lying on the ground wi' a roarin' lion gnawin' at his vitals, ye'll hae no occasion tae be ower anxious. 'Tis nae probable that the photographer wad be there takkin' the peecture when he should be helpin' tae save Meester Roosevelt's life. I think 'tis maist likely that as sune as the peecture has been taken, Meester Roosevelt wull get oop and gie the lion a wee bit sugar, and then send him back tae the stable."

"I obsairve that Meester Roosevelt is takkin' intae the forest wi' him mair than twa hunderd men, sae that the wild beastie that rins oop against a pairty like that on purrpose desairves what it gets. I wadna hae a beastie like yon kilt: I should hae it pit intae a lunatio asylum."

Picked Pars.

A Few Items of Fact that Will
Interest You.

Jealousy at a Zoo.

Bachy, an elephant at the Vienna Zoological Gardens, became so jealous of a baby elephant that was born in an adjoining cage and supplanted him in the affections of the public, that he became dangerous and had to be poisoned.

Uneducated Sicily.

Statistics just completed show that 70 per cent. of Sicilians can neither read nor write. In Palermo, one of the most modern cities of Italy, fully one-half of the children never go near a schoolhouse, their parents insisting upon sending them into factories.

Ugliness Aids Art.

In order to inspire his students with a love of the beautiful, Professor Pagaurek, of the art school at Stuttgart, has adopted the plan of showing them the most hideous articles of furniture and plate as examples of what the real artist must avoid.

Hard on Rate-Payers.

Owing to empty houses and people leaving without payment £30,000, the equivalent of a rate of 4d. in the pound, was lost to the rates of Lambeth during last half-year.

Mountains of Newspapers.

It has been calculated that if all the newspapers which are published daily throughout the world were piled together their height would surmount Mont Blanc.

Terrier Mothers Rabbit.

Suddenly deprived of its pups, a fox terrier, belonging to a Lincolnshire farmer, brought home a wild baby rabbit which it has adopted.

Buried in the Mattress.

An old woman named Rosalie Jamen, who went into the poor house at Nimes, has found herself possessed of £3,000. Two mattresses which she had been bequeathed were unpicked, and £4,000 in bank notes was found in each.

Don't Care For Games.

The Ipswich Education Committee have declined to accede to a request for the provision of battle-axes and shuttlecocks for the infants' department, or to replace an old harmonium with a new piano.

Worse Than a Sea Serpent.

A strange monster has been seen off the island of Harris, and is described as about the size of a yearling horse, with short and thick legs, square and somewhat long head, and pendulous ears.

Another American Record.

New York City will soon have within its borders the longest bridge in the world. It will span Hell Gate channel, and will be three miles long.

Where Women Reign.

Women hold the posts of stationmaster, telegraph messenger, barber, and town crier in the village of Froissy, in the Oise. The stationmistress' husband is the station porter.

Not Wanted as Soldiers.

A notice has been issued by the French army authorities stating that in future bald-headed men will be considered unfit for military service, as well as those who are so ugly that their ugliness may be a cause of terror to those who see them. Stutterers will also be exempt.

A Dog-won Wager.

An Alaskan settler recently won a wager of £2,200 by travelling from Cape Nome to Candle, a distance of 412 miles, in four days, drawn by a team of dogs.

Realism on the Stage.

During a performance in a Vienna theatre recently part of the ceiling collapsed, with the result that torrents of rain came down on the stage while the hero was singing the praises of spring.

A Few Stories About Well-known
Actors and Actresses.

Stage Stories.

A First Appearance.

Mr. ERNEST SHAND, the popular comedian, relates an amusing incident that occurred when he made his first appearance on the stage. It was at a small provincial theatre, and Mr. Shand was quite a youngster at the time. His part was only a "thinning" one, but he yearned for the opportunity of shining in a speaking part, and so he arranged with a "one line" gentleman to change places. The one-line part consisted of rushing on to tell the "hero" that the house was on fire.

"When the time came," says Mr. Shand, "I rushed on the stage, but the sea of faces before me put the fire out, and I stood rooted to the spot with my mouth open. The hero waited a reasonable, or, as he put it afterwards in his coarse way, a 'blamed' unreasonable time, and then said: 'I suppose you have come to say that the house is on fire?' Covered with confusion, concludes Mr. Shand, 'I crept off the stage—a sadder and wiser youngster.'

All Night in a Theatre.

ONCE during Mr. Seymour Hicks' early days on the stage, he was advised by a practical joker to take his "make-up" off with spirit-gum! He took the advice, with the result that, after he had been struggling to get the stickiness off for about an hour, he discovered that all the other actors and actresses had gone home, and that he was locked in the theatre.

There was no help for it but to make the best of a bad job, and, after wrapping himself in his overcoat, Mr. Hicks crawled into the darkest corner he could find and fell asleep.

"I sometimes wonder what my awakening would have been," Mr. Hicks has said, "had the spirit-gum joker delayed his operations until the next night, when at 2 a.m. the Grand Theatre caught fire, and was burnt to the ground."

A Trying Experience.

MISS BILLIE BURKE, once had a very trying experience while on the stage. Before the performance started one night, she received a letter from a man who said that he intended to make a drawing of her while she was acting, and asked her to stand as near the footlights as possible. This letter made Miss Burke very nervous, and when she went on the stage she saw the writer of the letter sitting in a box, with a large piece of paper and a pencil before him, and directly she appeared he set to work to sketch her.

The knowledge that the man's eyes were upon her wherever she went made her feel absolutely unstrung, "and at last," she says, "I got so upset that it was with the greatest difficulty that I refrained from asking him to leave the theatre. I never played so badly before or since; and indeed, at one moment I thought I should have to walk off the stage. I do not know if the picture was ever finished; but I never saw it or the man who drew it again."

Then There Was Trouble.

MR. ARTHUR GRENVILLE, who will be remembered to playgoers for his clever acting in *When Knave's Were Bold*, tells a very funny story about a certain performance of *Hamlet* which was to be given at a small

provincial town. The company of which Mr. Grenville was a member arrived very late, there was only just time to rehearse the scenery and properties with the local stage hands. Just before the curtain went up on the first act, the stage-manager approached the property-master and said: "I suppose you've got the skulls all right for the graveyard scene?" "Oh, yes, sir," replied the man; "they're all right." Shortly before the scene in question, the stage-manager shouted out: "Now then, where are those skulls?" "Here they are, sir," answered the property-master, hurrying forward, "Here they are!" And he handed to the action-had stage manager a pair of oars. It turned out that when not engaged at the theatre the property-master followed the calling of a fisherman, and he thought that when he had said skulls, the stage-manager meant sculls.

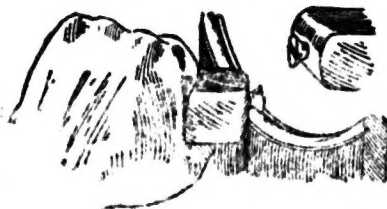
If you've an idea, send it
along.

Picture Pars.

We pay half-a-crown for each
original picture par. accepted by us.

HINT TO CARPENTERS.

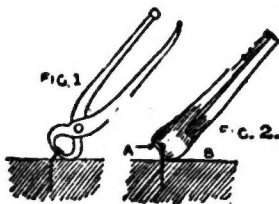
It sometimes happens that a proper beading apparatus is not at hand when it is required and the ingenious makeshift depicted in this illustration is frequently used in its stead by carpenters and wheelwrights with very satisfactory results. It cuts a faultless bead on shafts, frames, and almost any other curved article. It simply consists



of an ordinary screw inserted in a piece of wood to the required depth. If a spoke-shave is run over the beaded wood afterwards all the rough edges are taken off.

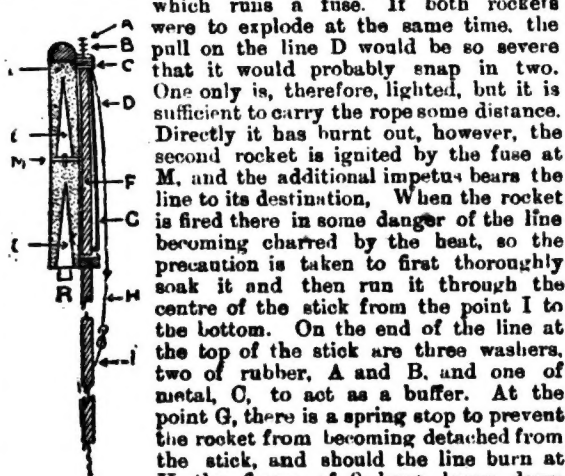
HOW TO EXTRACT A NAIL.

Most people when they have to extract a nail from a piece of wood with the aid of a pair of pinchers, perform the operation in the wrong way as in Fig 1. This has the effect not only of bending the nail but of making a large and unsightly hole in the timber. Fig 2 shows you the correct method of pulling out the nail. A piece of sheet metal, B, having a smooth surface should first be inserted between the wood and the corner of the pinchers. Then grip the handles tightly, and apply a downward pressure. The pinchers will turn slightly at A, where the nail is clinched, at the same time slipping on the metal inwards towards the nail, and gradually it rises straight from the wood without bending. If the nail is a long one, a new grip should be taken half-way down its length and the pressure again exerted.



LIFE-SAVING ROCKETS.

In this picture you see the construction of a life saving rocket capable of carrying a line weighing about half a hundredweight and 250 fathoms in length. The rocket EE is practically two rockets joined together by a cardboard disc M, through a hole in the centre of which runs a fuse. If both rockets were to explode at the same time, the pull on the line D would be so severe that it would probably snap in two. One only is, therefore, lighted, but it is sufficient to carry the rope some distance.



Directly it has burnt out, however, the second rocket is ignited by the fuse at M, and the additional impetus bears the line to its destination. When the rocket is fired there is some danger of the line becoming charred by the heat, so the precaution is taken to first thoroughly soak it and then run it through the centre of the stick from the point I to the bottom. On the end of the line at the top of the stick are three washers, two of rubber, A and B, and one of metal, C, to act as a buffer. At the point G, there is a spring stop to prevent the rocket from becoming detached from the stick, and should the line burn at H the figure of 8 knot lower down prevents it leaving the rocket. L is the explosive composition with which the rocket is filled, and R the main fuse, which burns one minute, so as to allow the operator time to get clear away.

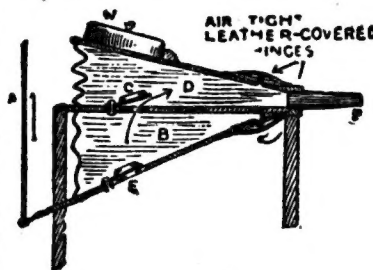
SHIP'S ASH-BIN.

THIS picture shows you the simple form of ash-bin sometimes used on steamers and liners. It is just an ordinary sack, both at the top and bottom of which are fixed two rope rings. Two stokers carry the sack from the engine room to the deck by means of the top rings. On arriving at the side of the vessel they take hold of the bottom rings and empty the contents of the bin into the sea.



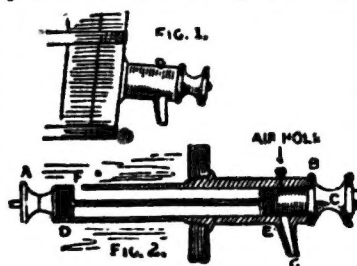
WHY THE BELLOWS BLOW.

PERHAPS you have wondered why, in a blacksmith's shop, the smith is able to keep up a continuous flow of air from his bellows to the fire. By referring to this sketch you may see exactly how it is done. The downward stroke of the bellows handle causes an upward pull on the rod A and forces the air from a lower chamber B, through the flap valve C, and into an upper chamber D from which it passes into the fire through the nozzle or "blast pipe" F. The valve C is large enough to admit more air than the "blast pipe" can expel, and the upper chamber becomes distended. As the rod A descends, B is refilled with air through the valve E while at the same time the valve C closes because the air in D is compressed by a weight W fixed outside the upper chamber. Thus, by filling B with air and discharging it into D a continuous supply is maintained in the upper chamber.



AUTOMATIC LIQUOR MEASURER.

In certain hotels in some parts of the country a tap is extensively used which is designed to supply exactly a quarter of a gill of liquor at each call made upon it. This illustration shows you just "how it works." Fig 1 is the device as it appears to the casual observer, and Fig 2 is a section of it. By pulling or pushing the knob C in Fig 2, the inside spindle slides easily inside a cylinder until arrested by either of the stoppers A or B. The black portions D and E are well-fitting cork plugs or pistons. When the knob C has been pushed in until stopped by B as in Fig 2, the liquor has free access from the cask through F to the chamber inside



the tap, inclosed by the pistons D and E. The capacity of this chamber is exactly a quarter of a gill. When it is full, the knob C is smartly drawn outwards until stopped by A, thus cutting off the supply at F by means of D, and uncovering G through which the liquor can then escape. An improved form of this device is fitted with a mechanism which registers every operation, and indicates the remaining contents of the cask.

WHY BUDGETS ARE BOXED.

The word "budget," which is just now so much in evidence, means a bag or sack.

Formerly all official papers were carried in bags, and the custom is still kept up in our courts of law, at the Admiralty, and elsewhere.

Up to 1820 budget-bags were of green baize, but in that year occurred the trial of Queen Caroline, and because the minutes of the evidence against her Majesty were laid upon the table of the House of Lords inclosed in one of these receptacles, official green bags all over the country became hateful to the people.

It was a common thing, while the excitement over the trial was at its height, to start bonfires in the streets in which green bags were solemnly burnt. This caused the speedy disappearance of green bags from the public view.

Indeed, it was not safe for a lawyer, or any other person for that matter, to be seen carrying one.

The green budget-bag went out of fashion with the rest, to be replaced first by a blue one, and then by a red one.

Afterwards red boxes—called dispatch-boxes—came into vogue, and these have continued down to the present day.

Great care is supposed to be taken of these receptacles, and with reason, for the financial affairs of an empire are therein enshrined, and anybody who could get a peep at the contents prior to the eventful night could easily reap a fortune. Nevertheless, on at all events one occasion the dispatch-box containing the budget papers was temporarily lost.

It happened in 1868, when Mr. Hunt was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

He had sent it down to the House from the Treasury long before, but when he rose to begin his speech it was not on the table.

Consternation reigned, and officials were sent here, there, and everywhere, in search of it. At length it was found quietly reposing on the pavement in a side street off Palace Yard, while a very grubby-faced messenger-boy—in whose custody it was supposed to be—was unconcernedly playing hopscotch.

WHEN SMAI

A LONDON clothier was never known to acknowledge that he didn't have anything a possible customer might ask for. One day a customer entered the store, and asked if he had any trousers made especially for one-legged men.

"Certainly," replied the merchant. "What kind do you want?"

"Dress pants," said the man. "The best you've got."

Hurrying into the rear of the shop, the enterprising merchant snatched a pair of trousers, and snipped off the right leg with a pair of shears. Hastily turning under the edges, he presented them to the customer.

"That's the kind I want. What's the price?"

"Thirty shillings."

"Well, give me a pair with the left leg off."

A month later the clothier was pronounced convalescent and on the high road to recovery.

SHE: "Do you have any trouble in trying to live up to your ideals?"

HE: "Yes, I do; my ideal is a man who pays his bills."

COUNTRY DOCTOR: "Well, Silas, your wife has gastric fever."

Silas (much concerned): "Don't see how that can be, sir, seeing as how we've never burned gas, but always used lamps."

POOR BENEDICK.

It's "Hubby, put the cat out,"

And it's "Dearie, fix the range";

It's "Have you wound the clock, love?"

And it's "Have you any change?"

It's "Hook me up the back, pet,"

And "Look the cellar door."

And it's "Do be careful not to spill

Those ashes on the floor."

So let the bumper circulate,

And quaff a mournful glass

Unto the humble Benedick.

Alas! Alas! Alas!

BUYING THE KING'S SHILLING.

THE announcement made the other day that men below the rank of non-commissioned officers belonging to the Life Guards, who for some time past have been designated "privates," are to henceforth revert to their "ancient designation" of "troopers," is not quite correct.

For the "ancient designation" of these men was not "troopers," but "gentlemen privates." And gentlemen privates they were, too, in reality, as well as in name.

Many of them, indeed, had been officers in other less distinguished corps, who had surrendered their commissions to ride in the ranks of the King's Guards. Nearly all of them, too, had to pay, and pay heavily, for the privilege.

This sounds strange in our ears nowadays, but it is a fact nevertheless. At the time of the Restoration, and for more than one hundred years afterwards, a man who desired to enlist in the Life Guards had to pay £105 13s. 6d. for the privilege of doing so.

He had also to purchase his outfit, and this was an even more expensive matter, for his arms, equipment, and uniform were of the most gorgeous conceivable description. Thus, on state occasions he was required to dress throughout in "cloth of silver and gold."

Nor was his ordinary apparel much less magnificent, consisting, as it did, of a wide-sleeved scarlet coat, ornamented at the wrists with large silk ruffles, and liberally bedecked with gold lace. The boots were of brown leather, and reached to the middle of the thighs; and from underneath an immense felt hat, decorated with white ostrich feathers, his long, flowing locks floated over a cuirass of polished steel, the latter similar to that now worn.

What an attraction to the nursemaids of his day and generation must have been this glorified Tommy Atkins of a bygone age.

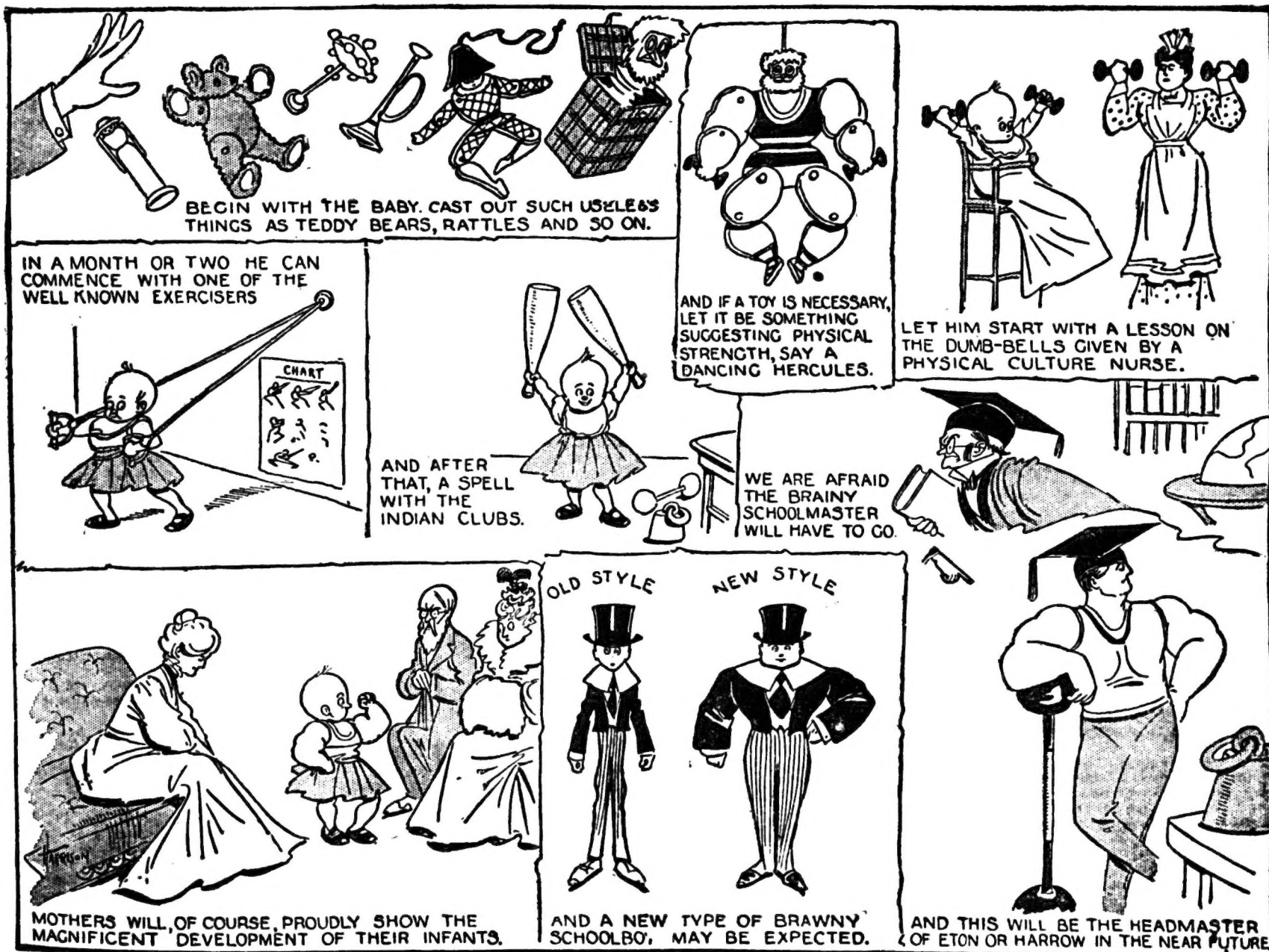
"BLANCHE is simply hopeless," exclaimed a lady who had been trying to teach a friend to play whist.

"Why?" asked her husband.

"I began by asking her if she knew the value of cards, and she said, 'Why, certainly; about a shilling a pack.'"

NATIONAL MUSCLE.

recent committee report stated that physical education should be compulsory in all schools. Our artist suggests that it should start from infancy; and he illustrates what may be expected.



I is the Interest we hope you will take
J is the Journey by tram, train, or brake.



Our Uncle, Somnambulist

The Story of an Awkward
Predicament.

By JOHN K. LEYS.

"Oh, hurrah, hurrah!" cried my wife, waving a pink-tinted note over her head as we sat at breakfast. "Well," I replied, "what's the matter now?" "Cyril has got the influenza!" "Katherine," I said, fixing her with my eyeglass, "I am surprised, and, I may say, shocked. To make the illness of my eldest brother, the head of our house, a cause for rejoicing—"

"Oh, Charlie, don't be a goose! You know I didn't mean that."

"What on earth did you mean, then?" "Augusta is going to stay in town to nurse him, and, of course, he can't be moved, so they ask us to go down to Amberley and entertain their house party. They might have put them all off, but they won't. And I shall be a real live hostess for once! Isn't it glorious?" "I don't see anything glorious about it," said I. "I think it's a great nuisance."

"There, now, Charlie, that's just like you—grumbling at everything. I must go to Celestine's at once and order at least three new frocks," she added, as if to herself.

"Yes, I might have supposed that would be the first step," I observed drily. "And your uncle Gregory, what about him?"

My wife's uncle, Mr. Gregory Biscoe, was a constellation of no small magnitude on our horizon. He was an Anglo-Indian, who visited England only at rare intervals, and as he had taken rather a fancy to his pretty niece, now my wife, and was, moreover, a bachelor of large means, we not unnaturally founded in the recesses of our minds certain hopes on the continuance of his friendship. He was now on his way to England, and had offered to spend a week or two with us, an offer which, I need not say, we had gladly accepted.

"Oh, Uncle Gregory must come to Amberley!" said my wife, with that promptitude she has always displayed in finding expedients for getting her own way. "He won't mind it. The crowd of people will amuse him."

"I doubt it," said I gravely. "Hadin't we better say to Augusta that we are engaged, as we are expecting a guest, and that she had better write and put off her friends?"

To this suggestion Kate vouchsafed no reply.

"And what about the new housemaid?"

"Oh, bother the new housemaid! I wish I had never engaged her. I fancy she thinks herself rather too good for us. I shall have to put her on board wages. No; I shall take her down to Amberley when we go. They will want all the help they can get, and we may as well have the good of her. Will you write and ask Augusta to give us a list of the guests we may expect, and to throw in a word or two about any peculiarities or tastes they may have?"

"Yes, certainly. But aren't you going there now?"

"Of course I am, but I'm sure I should forget to ask for the list. Ta-ta till lunch, Charlie! I shall be out all the morning. I have got such heaps to do!"

We went down to Amberley Park on the following Monday, the new housemaid, a fine-looking young woman named Fanny Somers, travelling down with us. Two days later the guests began to arrive. There were such a lot of them—my sister-in-law was both popular and fond of having people about her—that I had a difficulty in remembering their names.

There were Lady Totnes and her two bouncing girls, Sir Everard Lynn and Lady Lynn, old Lady Garnet, and a whole lot of middle-aged young men, with four or five girls, two of them decidedly pretty.

My wife made a capital hostess; she was evidently in her element, but I could see that she had some anxiety that she did not share with me. A little judicious questioning brought to light the fact that she was anxious to know how Uncle Gregory would take the change of domicile we had arranged for him. I laughed at her fears, but she replied oracularly, "You don't know Uncle Gregory."

On the twenty-fourth he turned up—a well-preserved old boy of sixty-five, with a wonderfully fresh complexion and stiff white whiskers of the old style. He was a little abrupt and peremptory in his manner, and was provided with the tiger stories and fakir stories one expects from an Anglo-Indian of his time of life; but he did not appear to be unreasonably aggressive or selfish in his habits, and I considered him to be rather an acquisition.

In one matter only he gave my wife, or rather Mrs. Butt, the housekeeper, a little trouble.

"I would be obliged," he said, "if you could possibly arrange for my man Sullivan to have his meals alone. You see, he is a superior sort of fellow—acts occasionally as my secretary as well as my valet. He was at Cambridge when he was a young man, but his people lost their money and he has had to work for his living. As he couldn't find a place as secretary, and had to do something, I took him on as my confidential man. If Mrs. Butt could manage—"

"Don't trouble yourself about it, uncle," said my wife sweetly. "We'll arrange all that easily enough."

Uncle Gregory seemed relieved, and added something to the effect that Sullivan was really a valuable fellow, and he didn't see how he could get along without him.

Sullivan seemed a quiet, well-conducted young man of rather prepossessing appearance, and it was evident that his master trusted him entirely.

On going up to bed on the evening of Uncle Gregory's arrival I found my wife speaking to his man on the landing.

"Sullivan has been telling me," she said, turning to me, "that uncle is a bit of a somnambulist."

I started. "Is that really so?"

"I greatly fear it is," said the valet gravely. "Indeed, there is no doubt of it."

"I remember hearing something of it when I was a girl," said Kate, "but I had forgotten it."

"He is very sensitive about it," went on Sullivan, "and it would be better, perhaps, if you would say nothing to him of my having mentioned it."

"Shouldn't think of it," we both said together.

"I thought it only right that you should know."

"Quite right," said I. "I'm very glad you spoke of it."

"Thank you, sir. And there is another thing. When he walks in his sleep, Mr. Biscoe is rather given to kleptomania."

Kate started violently.

"Oh, Charlie," she cried, clasping her hands, "this is dreadful! And everybody is wearing jewellery, more or less. I'm sure Lady Garnet's diamonds alone—"

"Never mind that, Kate," I interposed hurriedly. "The question is, what precautions we ought to take in face of this—this most unfortunate predicament. For one thing, we can warn people not to leave valuables about, to lock their doors at night—"

"Begging your pardon, sir, I scarcely think that will be necessary," said Sullivan detestably. "Your uncle always confines himself to the merest trifles—teaspoons, pocket-handkerchiefs, match-boxes, and things of that kind."

"Then we needn't say anything about it," said my wife, with a decisive nod of the head. "It would make such a scare and such a scandal! It would be telling everybody that we had a thief in the house."

I saw that it would not do to issue warnings of that kind, if it were only for the credit of the house—and it was my brother's house, not mine.

"All right, Kate," I said, laughing; "but if Lady Garnet's diamonds vanish mysteriously, don't blame me."

Sullivan ventured on a respectful smile.

"When we were staying in Paris on our way home," he remarked, "Mr. Biscoe put himself in the hands of a hypnotist, a very clever man, Dr. de Tocqueville, for treatment, and he did get better; but even now I find a clothes-brush, or a letter-case, or something, under his pillow now and then."

"Well, Sullivan," I said, "of course you will say nothing of this to anyone else, and keep as good a watch on your master as you can. If I hear a noise in the night I shall know what to do."

"Be sure not to speak to my master if you should find him in that state," said the valet earnestly. "Dr. de Tocqueville said it was most dangerous. Just follow him to see that he comes to no harm, and see him safely back to his room."

"But can't you lock my uncle in his room?" asked Kate.

"I have suggested that," answered Sullivan, "but Mr. Biscoe won't allow it. He says it makes him so nervous to know that he is locked in that he can't sleep. And in case of fire it would be very unfortunate."

"Yes, yes, I see that," said I. "He might set fire to the room, and we might not be able to get at him. Well, we must just do the best we can. Good night, Sullivan!"

I lay a good while awake, but heard nothing, and, as it was evident that I could not do without sleep during the whole of Uncle Gregory's visit, I made no attempt to keep vigil on the following night.

But the next morning after breakfast my wife came to me with a whimsical look, half concern, half amusement, on her face.

"Just come, Charlie," she said, "and see what Fanny Somers has found under Uncle Gregory's pillow."

I went up with her, and there, still lying under the pillow, where the housemaid had discovered it, was an absurd china ornament—a spotted dog, with staring yellow eyes and a scarlet tongue.

We laid strict injunctions on the maid to hold her tongue, making up some ridiculous story about Mr. Biscoe being a connoisseur in china and having perhaps taken a fancy to the article.

"Where can he have got it, Charlie, even if he did walk in his sleep?" asked my wife when we were alone together.

"Heaven knows!" I replied.

"Well, I'm going to find out," said Kate; and after a hunt she discovered the fellow of the china ornament on a shelf in a cupboard in a disused bedroom. This proved that my uncle did not confine his nocturnal wanderings to the immediate vicinity of his room, and I became rather uneasy.

That night I kept awake for a good while, but fell asleep about three—and in the morning Fanny Somers brought me half-a-dozen teaspoons which had disappeared mysteriously from the plate basket, which had been left out in the butler's pantry.

"This will never do, Kate," said I gloomily, after depositing the spoons in a corner of the pantry. "Who knows what may disappear next? I shall sit up to-morrow night and see what happens."

I was as good as my word, but the night passed without incident till the clock struck three.

Then I distinctly heard a noise somewhere in the house, as of a door opening and shutting.

Seizing a candle, I lit it and slipped out quickly into the corridor.

Not a sound. All was in darkness. I went to the stairs, where a faint light burnt, and, leaning over the banisters, I saw a tall figure in a dressing-gown, which even at that distance I recognised by the white side-whiskers as that of my wife's uncle, standing close by one of the bedroom doors on the floor below me. He had his hand on the door-knob, but whether he was intending to enter the room, or had left it and was in the act of closing the door behind him, I could not say.

He quitted it at once and came straight along the corridor, and began to ascend the stairs. It was plain to me at a glance that he was walking in his sleep, and he never deviated in the least from his path, but kept steadily on, his hands buried in the pockets of his dressing-gown. I saw him safe back to his room, where he went quietly to bed, without any help or interference from me.

My long vigil made me sleep late next day, and about ten my wife woke me with very unpleasant news.

"Charlie," she said, seating herself on the bed, "I have noticed that there was an air of constraint, of—of secrecy about the people in the house for the last day or two. And now it has come out! Things have been missed!"

"I'm not surprised to hear it," I said, and I told her of my experience the night before.

"But, Charlie, this is too awful!" she cried.

"It is unpleasant enough," I said. "What's the latest disappearance?"

"Miss Cornelia Sharpe has lost a ruby ring. It is not worth so very much, she says, but she values it highly on account of the associations connected with it."

"Odd how things do have associations connected with them—when they get lost," I remarked cynically. "Now, I wonder if it was Miss Sharpe's room that your uncle visited last night?"

Apparently it was, for on my way downstairs Sullivan stopped me and produced a ruby ring.

"This dropped out of my master's dressing-gown this morning, sir," he said to me, with a meaning look. "Perhaps it may belong to one of the ladies."

"All right, I'll take care of it," I said with a nonchalant air, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for ladies' rings to drop out of the pockets of bachelor uncles.

"Is this the lost ring?" I said to Kate as I met her on the stairs.

"Yes, that must be it," she said. I told her where it had been found, and she gravely stooped, dropped the ring, and picked it up again.

"There," she said, "I can truthfully say I picked it up on the stairs! I'll give it to her at once. But this is nothing. Nearly everybody, it appears, has lost something since they came. Most of them say they 'did not like to mention it,' and now they are talking of nothing else. One has lost a pearl necklace, another a bracelet, and so on. It is awful, and it is such a disgrace to us all! Cyril will be in such a way about it!"

"Suppose we tell them frankly how the matter stands, and ask everybody who has lost jewellery to help us in hunting for it?"

"Oh, Charlie, uncle would never forgive us if we gave him away like that!"

"No, I suppose not."

For a time we stood in gloomy silence.

"I have been thinking," said Kate, "it is a long time since I saw Uncle Gregory before, and I was only a little thing. Do you think he can be a false Uncle Gregory, and really a burglar in disguise?"

"Don't be a goose, Kate," I said. "It seems to me that we ought to search your uncle's luggage. He may have stowed the things away there. He is going out with some of the others this afternoon; it would be a grand opportunity."

"I hardly like doing that," said Kate dubiously.

We came to no decision then, but just before dark there was a new "development," as the newspaper fellows say. A little before dark Lady Garnet came into the drawing-room with a very white face. Clapping her knuckly hands, she sank into a chair and exclaimed in tragic tones: "I have lost my diamonds!"

"Lost, then, Lady Garnet?" said one of the women maliciously.

"At any rate, they have disappeared," she said. "You all saw that I wore them at dinner last night. My maid will swear that she put them away in the jewel-case. And the jewel-case itself has vanished! They were worth at least five thousand pounds."

"That's a whopper, anyhow," I said to myself; but aloud I merely said, "Don't be anxious about it, Lady Garnet. It is very annoying, certainly; but I am confident that we will find them, and the other things that have been lost as well."

I exchanged a look with my wife, and when she slipped out of the room I followed her. We both saw that it was time to act.

Up the darkened stairs we went till we reached Uncle Gregory's room. There was light enough from the windows for what we had to do.

"Here's a small portmanteau," my wife said. "Let us begin with that. Locked! No; it works with a spring. See—it is open."

"Who's there?" I cried sharply, for I thought I had heard a slight noise behind me; and, running across the room, I threw open the door of the dressing-room. But I could see no one, and I went back to my wife, who was deliberately taking various articles of underclothing out of the portmanteau and laying them in a pile on the floor.

"What's this? A jewel-case!" she cried, lifting one out of the bag.

(Continued at foot of next page.)

K is the Kind-hearted reader we need.
L for the ladies who help at the feed.

Recorded in Rhyme.

TAME TRAVELLING.

[Africa is becoming so much like Piccadilly that one might travel from the Cape to Cairo without experiencing any abnormal excitement.—Colonial Paper.]

Don't go to Africa, my lad,



If wild adventure
you would seek,
For things out
there are very
bad—
I've been, so I've a
right to speak.

The burly Kaffir roams
no more
With murderous
assegai in
hand,
Thirsting for European
gore,
And followed by
his warlike
band.

No more the lion roars by night;
The greedy vulture's never seen;
And deserts, with electric light,
Can never be what they have been.

From Cape to Cairo you may fare,
Unscathed. Such travelling is silly;
You'll find more danger, I declare,
Upon a bike in Piccadilly!

WANTED, OLD WEDDING GIFTS.

[At a fashionable marriage the other day the list of presents included old lace, old chairs, old prints, old spoons, and old brass.—Daily Paper.]

At one time it filled me with gloom
To hear that a wedding drew nigh,
And I ruefully looked at my purse
And thought of the gifts I must buy.

But, hurrah! this dread custom is gone,
No more 'neath its burden I sigh;
Delighted are bridegroom and bride,
If anything old I supply.

So for Jane I've a cushion reserved,
That has now seen the best of its days;

And Frank will be
grateful, I
know,

For those ancient
but much
battered
trays;

Our old chairs will
again see the
light,

When her wed-
ding gifts Mary
displays;

For that creaky
old sideboard
will Tom

Break forth into
paeans of
praise.



How delighted Belinda will be

When I hand her our old kitchen clock,

And Jim will be charmed to receive

My old desk, though now gone is the lock;

For Bell, my wife's got a surprise—

'Tis the gift of a last season's frock;

Our old coffee-pot Ned won't despise,

Though indented with many a knook.

EPISTAXIS.

We pay five shillings for each accepted set of verses in this feature. We don't want the sketches. Address your envelope to the Topical Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

["It would be much easier to say bleeding from the nose," the Tower Bridge magistrate remarked when he was informed that a man had suffered from epistaxis!"]

THE way that we handle this language of ours
Both in writing and speech very lax is;
For instance, how few of us really could say
What is meant by the word epistaxis.

When the suffragist swoops on her death-dealing
path,

And the constable crying for pax is,
Pray do not imagine
he bleeds
from the
nose—

'Tis a case of acute
epistaxis.

Carrie Nation, who's
got H₂O on
the brain,

When ferociously
waving her
axe, is

Not anxious the
publican's
claret to
tap;

She desires to
promote
epistaxis.



If the monarch supreme of the Cannibal Isles
One day, so to speak, in a wax is,
You can bet he'll bestow on a courtier or two
The distinction that's called epistaxis.

If this poem the editor dare to refuse,
I shall know that the thing which he lacks is
A trifle I'm able to call a supply,
Epistaxis! dear sir, epistaxis!

OUR UNCLE, SOMNAMBULIST (continued from page 944).

She opened it, and a beautiful string of pearls met our gaze.

"Oh, Charlie, how perfectly lovely!" she cried. "Can these be really Miss Woodburn's?"

"They were intended as a New Year's gift for you, Mrs. Mountjoy," said a cold, harsh voice behind us, "but now I am not so sure."

My wife gave a scream and dropped the pearls, and we both looked up. There stood Uncle Gregory, his face one "purple patch," his eyes fairly scintillating with anger, his legs very wide apart, gazing down at us. For once in her life—the only time, as far as I remember—Kate was thoroughly taken aback.

"Oh, uncle, I am so awfully sorry!" she exclaimed, when her first dumb astonishment had lost its grip on her. "It really was not curiosity on our part. You see, so many women staying in the house have lost their jewels—"

"And you did me the honour of taking me for the thief!" cried the old man in a tone hoarse with passion. "Upon my word, this is too flattering!"

His face was, if possible, redder than ever. Every white hair in his whiskers bristled and stood out with the distinctness of silver wire.

"One moment, sir," said I, with a calmness that I think did me credit. "You are unconsciously doing your niece an injustice. Of course, she never for a minute imagined—that would be absurd. But the fact is, sir, you walk in your sleep."

Uncle Gregory started.

"Well, sir, and what of that?" he asked sharply. "Do you think I would be a thief in my sleep? Is that what you would suggest? You came here hunting for the stolen property in my portmanteau, sir—in my portmanteau! Don't deny it, sir! Perhaps you would like to look a little further, sir!" He lifted the flap so as to show the other half of the portmanteau.

"Oh, don't, uncle!" pleaded Kate, but he began tossing out the things.

"Perhaps you will be satisfied now that—"

A silence as of death fell on us all three.

The bottom of the portmanteau was one mass of jewellery, some of it in cases, but most of it loose. There were Lady Garnet's diamonds and Miss Woodburn's pearls, and bracelets and brooches and pins, and I don't know what besides.

Poor Uncle Gregory shook all over and dropped into a chair, his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands.

"Come, uncle," said I, "it is not your fault. I was warned that this might happen, and ought to have taken better care. But, thank goodness, no harm is done. We will give the trinkets back to the women who own them, and the manner of their being lost will be a secret between us three to our dying day."

He grasped my hand with a grip like a blacksmith's, and Kate rose from her knees, threw her arm round his neck, and kissed him.

The tea-gong sounded.

"There, I must go!" she exclaimed lightly, darting a look in the direction of the dressing-room. "Uncle, come

downstairs with me, and I will give you a cup of tea. You come, too, Charlie. The jewels can wait."

We followed her out of the room, but as we reached the hall she drew me aside.

"I want you to get your revolver—loaded, mind!—and go down to the lodge-gate. Stand behind the big laurel bush at the entrance, and wait there. You will know yourself what to do. Tom," she called out to a young cousin of mine, who happened to be passing, "I want you to take a big stick or something and go with Charlie to take care of him. Quick! Don't wait to ask questions, but go at once, or it may be too late!"

I obeyed without a word, partly, I think, because I had a more or less correct divination of what was in my wife's mind; but this I kept to myself.

The night was dark, but a good lamp hung over the gateway, and from our ambush in the laurels we could see fairly well in all directions.

"Where does the fun come in? Precious cold standing here doing nothing!" grumbled my cousin.

But just then I heard a step on the gravel, and clutched him by the arm.

In another minute the alert, upright figure of my uncle's valet came in sight. He was walking rapidly, very rapidly, and carrying a portmanteau in his hand.

"That you, Sullivan?" I called out. "What have you got in that portmanteau?"

Without a word he turned and bolted for the underwood.

"Stop! Drop that, or I fire!"

He let the portmanteau fall, and kept on running. Tom and I followed close on him, but I did not feel justified in firing at a man who was running away merely to stop him, and we lost sight of him in the shrubbery.

We were returning, when Tom suddenly cried out, "There he is, sneaking up to the portmanteau! By Jove, he is a cool hand!"

As he spoke Sullivan lifted the bag and ran, but this time I fired, aiming at his legs, and hit him in the ankle. He fell without so much as a groan, and with the help of the lodge-keeper we carried him and the portmanteau back to the house.

Kate made quite a sensation when she entered the drawing-room, with the butler carrying a tray on which

KEEPING UP-TO-DATE

A copy of the "Daily Express" delivered at your door regularly will keep you in touch with everything new. Women's interests are specially catered for, and the Work for Women Competition now running has exceptional interest for all lady readers.

Any Newsagent will supply the "Daily Express" for a Halfpenny per day.

was heaped the stolen jewels, and restored them one by one to their owners. She told everybody that Sullivan had been caught in the act of absconding with them, and, of course, he was universally supposed to have stolen them. Some of them, indeed, he must have taken with his own hands, for Lady Garnet's diamonds were not the only valuables that had disappeared that afternoon.

But Uncle Gregory told me in a shamefaced way that he had had Sullivan taught the art of hypnotising, and had got him to put him to sleep more than once since he came to us, as he was troubled with sleeplessness. I have no doubt that on these occasions the valet made suggestions to my uncle, and used him as his catspaw to go into bedrooms and lay his hands on the trinkets that were left on the dressing-table.

I told my uncle that I had seen him under very suspicious circumstances, and he insisted that if Sullivan were brought to trial all this would come out, which would be most unpleasant for him.

We agreed that that would not do; and the result was that the valet was never punished beyond having to suffer the pain of his wound. My impression is that he became the object of a great deal of misplaced pity in the servants' hall, and thoroughly enjoyed the period of convalescence under Mrs. Butt's fostering care.

He must have been a remarkable man, Sullivan. In spite of our having demonstrated to Uncle Gregory what a rotten bad egg his favourite really was, he still believed that the man had told him about his having been an undergraduate at Cambridge, and I fancy that before uncle left us he had been persuaded that the rascal was a true penitent.

Anyhow, about a year afterwards—about the time when Uncle Gregory consented to stand as godfather to our eldest boy—Kate handed me with a queer smile a circular from a massage and manicuring establishment. The "principal" of the concern was Augustus M. Sullivan, "late of the University of Cambridge," and among the list of referees appeared the name of Gregory Hepworth Biscoe, C.S.I.!

THAT PUZZLED MA, TOO!

A TEACHER was one day instructing her pupils in the mysteries of etymology, when she had occasion to question a boy pupil with reference to the word "recuperate."

"As an example," said the teacher, "we will take the case of your father. He is a hard-working man."

"Yes'm," assented Charley.

"And when night comes he returns home tired and worn out, doesn't he?"

"Yes'm," in further assent from Charley.

"Then," continued the teacher, "it being night, his work being over, and he being tired, what does he do?"

"That's what ma wants to know," said Charley.

A COUNTRYMAN who applied to a student to direct him the shortest way to the police-station received the following answer:

"Just step into the jeweller's shop across the road, pick up a diamond bracelet, then walk straight out, and you will be there in a few minutes."

M for the Meat pies and Milk pure and sweet.
N for the Ninepences providing the treat.

ROUND THE WORLD
WITHOUT EYES.

THE recent refusal of a railway booking-clerk to issue a ticket to a blind man who was unaccompanied by a guide would have sounded rather ridiculous to James Holman, the famous "blind traveller."

Although absolutely sightless, this remarkable man visited, very early in the last century, almost every place of note in the world, and throughout his wanderings he was quite unattended. Yet he never met with any serious mishap.

Arrested as
a Spy.

His energy and adaptability were marvelous. He scaled lofty mountains, forded broad and rapid streams, and crossed in safety sandy deserts that taxed to the utmost the powers of normally constituted individuals.

Naturally he met with many adventures, some of which he incorporated in a most interesting volume, now long out of print and very rare. At one time he was travelling in the wilds of eastern Siberia, driving his own sleigh, which he picked out each morning from a number of others and harnessed himself. This was reported to the Russian Governor, who ordered him to be arrested and deported as a spy, believing his blindness to be assumed.

Twice Round
the World.

He was probably the only male European who has ever been conducted over an Oriental seraglio, an experience which befell him not once only, but on three occasions. This was done to gratify the curiosity of the dusky beauties of the harem, who were glad to be able to see and converse with an educated white man, without losing caste by being seen in their turn.

Many other blind travellers have since made similar extended tours; and one of them, Dr. Louis Shepperd, has recently beaten all records by going twice round the world, covering, in the course of his sightless wanderings, over one hundred thousand miles. But then, of course, travelling is not now the difficult and dangerous business it was in Holman's time.

"I AM proud to say that my grandfather made his mark in the world," observed the conceited youth.

"Well, I suppose he wasn't the only man in those days who couldn't write his name," replied his bored companion.



Lord Hawke

A Personal Sketch of the Chief Selector for England's Elevens in the Test Matches.

LORD HAWKE, H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, and C. B. Fry, have among them what is perhaps the most delicate task of the hour to perform.

They have to select the England Elevens for the Test Matches—the first of which begins on the 27th—against the Australians.

And as the senior and most experienced member of the triumvirate Lord Hawke must be regarded as the chief of the selectors.

Forty-nine years old, his lordship has captained the Yorkshire team since 1882, which means that he was skipping his county before a good many of those who will play in the Test Matches this summer were born! It is a situation not without humour.

Few names loom larger in the history of cricket than that of Lord Hawke, or "Martin" Hawke, as his intimate friends call him.

Justly has he been termed the Pioneer of Cricket, for no one has taken more teams abroad and played the game in more foreign climes than he. Australia, New Zealand, India, Egypt, America, the West Indies, have all known and welcomed him and his sides.

But it is as the leader of the Yorkshiremen for over a quarter of a century that he is specially famous. No county ever had a more able and admirable captain; no county, let it be said, a more honest and fearless one.

And it needed pluck to take charge of the Yorkshire team in the eighties.

The Yorkshire professionals of those days were fine cricketers, but that is the best that can be said for some of them. They had little respect for their captain or his orders; and if—according to their lights—they lived well they certainly did not live wisely.

But Lord Hawke soon changed all that. Despite his youth he immediately began to put his foot down and to stamp out those things of which he did not approve. Some of the professionals who refused to see the error of their ways and to alter them had to take themselves and their bad habits off. Lord Hawke

was determined to be master in his own way. Those who did not like his way he promptly "tired." The names of most of the "fired" ones will be familiar to cricket followers.

How admirably his lordship succeeded in his task can be seen on any county ground to-day. The modern professional cricketer is an aristocrat compared to the paid player of twenty years back. The metamorphosis dates from the time the Hon. M. R. Hawke—for such was his title then—was elected captain of Yorkshire.

And having created, so to speak, a race of professionals vastly superior socially to those of a decade ago, Lord Hawke believes in treating them decently.

At the end of each season, for instance, he always entertains the Yorkshire professionals as guests at his country seat in Lincolnshire; while, on Yorkshire grounds, at any rate, he always sees that they have the freedom of the pavilion instead of their being sternly confined to inferior quarters. No wonder, then, that Yorkshire are so often top county; there is nothing like *esprit de corps* to bring out all that is best in mankind.

In many other ways, too, does Yorkshire's captain look after the interests of his men. He invented the system of awarding "talent-money marks" for performances which he deemed worthy of monetary recognition rather than for a specified achievement in any circumstances; while the plan of investing the proceeds of benefit matches on the player's behalf is his also.

Apart from cricket Lord Hawke is a most enthusiastic big game shot, and three winters back he was among ex-President Roosevelt's Rocky Mountains party of sportsmen.

He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and was originally intended for the Army.

His popularity is unbounded, and, to many of the simple Yorkshire folk, his name represents the last word in things cricket.

The famous story of the village umpire, who was being reviled for ignorance of the laws of the game by a batsman whom he had given out, and who utterly squashed the said irate batsman with the remark, "that he (the umpire) 'ad shook 'ands with Lord 'awke, an' 'ow," and the inference that that honour placed him above ordinary infallible mortals is an example of that reverence.

IS THERE GOLD
IN VIGO BAY?

HERE may be—as is asserted by the treasure-hunting expedition now being organised—£20,000,000 worth of gold and silver at the bottom of Vigo Bay—or there may not.

When our Admiral Rooke engaged the Spanish galleons there, in Queen Anne's reign, they certainly contained much treasure; and some of this went down with them.

Bar Gold Bought
by the Pound.

How much is problematical. In the hurry and fury of the fight there was little chance to take stock of individual happenings, and it is a matter of common knowledge that our Jack Tars helped themselves to enormous quantities of booty, the bulk of which never appeared in the official prize returns.

Indeed, when the fleet anchored at Portsmouth after the battle, the innkeepers there bought great stores of bar gold by the pound at less than one-half its real value, so common was it, while doubloons were exchanged at three to the guinea, although the two coins were nearly equal as regards intrinsic worth.

The Spanish sailors and soldiers, too, looted a lot of both coined and uncoined gold. Over £2,000,000 worth was landed at one time, and seized by the Government; but as in the case of our own countrymen, what was kept by the purloiners was far in excess of that which the authorities contrived to regain possession of.

Treasure-Seekers
There Before.

Then, again, during the years immediately following the great battle, scores of treasure-hunters, some authorised, many more mere piratical adventurers, hovered over the spot, and unless rumour lies most confoundingly, many of them reaped exceedingly rich rewards. Thus, one enterprising Scotsman, named Dickson, recovered enough silver to build a stately mansion in Perthshire, which he christened "Dollar House."

But it is worthy of note that he secured not a single ounce of the more precious metal, none of which he roundly asserted was to be found there, "else I should not have bin sic a fule as tae contint mysen wi' siller."

Altogether, then, the prospects of the new expedition do not appear to be over rosy.

"NIAGARA has a wonderful force," remarked a traveller to a lady.

"Marvellous! Do you know, when I first saw it for a full moment I couldn't speak."

Truth About the Turk.

A Chat with Mr. John Foster Fraser, the Distinguished Traveller.

IT is a good many years since I made my first travels in and about Turkey, an experience often since repeated, and I can only say that I liked the Turk from the first.

To begin with, the Turk, be he of high or low degree, is a gentleman, and a "white man" all through for all his olive skin.

Then I have always found him hospitable to a degree, and the pink of courtesy. I remember when travelling in outlying districts coming to a small town. The governor and other chief men, as soon as they heard of my arrival, came to see me, and in the evening we all went down to the river bank, where a fire was lighted, and I was royally entertained at an *af terano* and musical meal.

His Kindness
to Animals.

Another of the Turk's great points is his sportsmanship. He is not perhaps a sportsman in the way of following field sports or games, but he shows himself a thorough sportsman in his kindness to animals.

I was particularly struck by this trait in his character when travelling through Albania with an escort of Turkish soldiers. I was in a hurry and we moved by forced marches (on horseback), after being ten hours in the saddle at a stretch and over villainous country.

It was tough work, but when we came to a journey's end I at least could gratefully fling myself from my horse and give myself and my steed up to being made comfortable by my servants.

Not so my escort: they had none to wait on them, and I noticed that no matter how arduous the day's journey, no matter how tired, stiff, and saddle-sore the Turkish soldiers might be, they looked after their horses first.

The magnificent fighting qualities of the Turkish soldier, his absolute indifference to death and danger, and his splendid stamina, are too well-known to need any praise from me, by the Turk, soldier or not, is not only a

brave man, but as a rule a sincerely religious man.

Popular imagination depicts the Turk as the tyrant of the harem, the occupants of which he regards as infinitely beneath him, and as mere dolls and playthings, but like most of our notions about the Turk, the picture is false.

Only wealthy Turks can afford several wives, and many are monogamists. Apart from that, while the Turkish lady is not "emancipated" as we understand the term, I have no hesitation in saying that, taken as a whole, women in Turkey are infinitely better treated than women in England.

Of course, the Turk is not perfect. For all his splendid dash in battle, he lacks energy, and is indolent to an exasperating degree; at least, from our point of view.

The Turk cannot conceive the idea of a man engaging in public life, unless he means to get something out of it—and that something money. **Raid Each Other for Converts.**

As to the cruelty of the Turk and his slaughtering propensities, there is something to be said on the other side.

Take Macedonia; on the one side you have the Bulgarian Christians; on the other, the Greek Christians. They are everlastingly raiding each other in search of converts, and they convert Macedonia into a cockpit for their religious battles.

Macedonia becomes disturbed, and the Turk comes along and restores order—certainly with a very heavy hand.

I like the Turk, and I fear this new constitutional government will not prove an unmixed blessing to him. He has been accustomed for centuries to autocracy, and, therefore, I do not see why he should take any more kindly to a sudden violent change to democracy than we after long years of constitutional government would quietly settle down under an autocracy.

Therefore, I foresee much trouble in Turkey.

Stabling Airships.

Novel Hotels Being Built in Britain.

THE Blank Hotel, Brighton, splendid accommodation for aeroplanes with good starting and landing grounds, is the sort of advertisement we shall be seeing in the daily papers, not in a few years' time, as many people might think, but in all probability within a very few months, or even weeks.

Already an enterprising hotelkeeper of Cobham has made such an announcement in the newspapers, and also outside the entrance of his hotel, and he is sure to be followed by many more. The recent Aero Exhibition has shown that an aeroplane, guaranteed to fly, and well tested before purchase, can now be bought as cheaply, and even cheaper, than a small motor-car.

Accommodation for
Twelve Aeroplanes.

Prices for the best type of aeroplane run from two or three hundred to one thousand pounds, and aeroplaning seems likely to be as popular a Society amusement this summer as ballooning was last year.

The Aero Club have already opened a huge flying ground on the Isle of Sheppey, which is intended to become for aeroplanes as popular a sporting centre as Brooklands is for motor-cars.

Large sheds of special pattern suitable for the purpose have already been erected for the accommodation of twelve aeroplanes. Five well-known "aviators" with their machines, have already taken up their residence.

It is expected that rows of bungalows will shortly spring up round the flying ground—some are already under construction. In the future wealthy sportsmen who have their hunting-boxes and their shooting-boxes elsewhere, will also have an "aero-box" on the Isle of Sheppey, where they will spend week-ends in flying or watching others fly.

The proceedings at Sheppey during the next few months will be intensely exciting, as most of the people experimenting there will be doing

their utmost to qualify themselves to enter for the great Aerial Tournament at Rheims in August, when over £8,000 in prizes will be competed for.

The events include long and short distance aeroplane races, height competition, passenger carrying race, and the international Gordon-Bennett aviation contest, for which three machines from each country can compete. In addition, to all this, there will be a dirigible balloon race, ordinary balloon races, and kite-flying competitions.

Besides the Aero Club's great flying ground at Sheppey, other aeroplane centres are being established all over the country, and even our un-enterprising War Office have woken up sufficiently to have already started selecting sites for the housing of the six Wright aeroplanes which it has on order.

At Cowes the district council have been in correspondence for some time with the Aero Club International, whose headquarters are at Havre in France, concerning the establishment at Cowes of a station for landing, departure, storage, and the repairs of flying machines in connection with cross-channel flights, and for practice and tuition. The council have promised to render all the assistance they can.

America's Ships to
Fly for Hire.

In France and Germany most elaborate stables for the great military airships have for some time been established at important points along the frontier, and both Powers have large "dry docks" in appearance something like a canal with the water pumped dry, where injured aerial battleships can be promptly refilled with gas or repaired.

In America a fleet of airships is being constructed to ply for hire, just like a tram or bus between New York and Coney Island—the "Brighton" of the United States. A huge station, higher than the tallest sky-scraper, is being erected on Broadway, and it is hoped that the scheme will be in working order this summer.

O is your Opportunity, dark lives to cheer.
P is the Prince who subscribes year by year.

While Britain Slept



THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

The Rev. Mr. Shaldon, the vicar of the little Essex village of Tetterton. Nellie Shaldon, the vicar's lovely daughter. She is engaged to be married to Jack Bryant, the son of the village doctor. Fred Shaldon, Mr. Shaldon's son. He is away on business in London when the story opens. On learning the terrible news he vows to reach home somehow. Farmer Tombs, a Tetterton farmer, who raises a band of volunteers to battle the invaders. Rassitten, a foreign officer and spy, who, previous to the invasion, has spent a great deal of his time in Tetterton gathering information and drawing secret plans. He is smitten with Nellie Shaldon's charms, and comes to blows with Jack Bryant over her. Instead of having Jack shot, he makes his peace with him so as to secure a hold over Nellie. Tony Dexter, a Boy Scout.



CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE. What Happened to John Hardy.

The roar of the cannonading lasted for several hours; then it died away altogether, leaving the anxious villagers as much in ignorance as ever as to its significance. No scrap of authentic information was allowed to leak out; whenever any of the few soldiers who spoke some sort of English referred to the situation at all to their unwilling hosts, it was to make boastful references to the easy way in which the British were being kept at bay while more and more troops were being landed on the Essex coast and pushed forward to the front. Tetterton seemed, for the time being, to be out of the zone of active fighting; it had become simply a post on the lines of communication, though it was shortly to be the centre of a terrific fight.

When Jack Bryant returned from his round at the hospital, he naturally wanted to know what Rassitten had had to say to Nellie, but, rightly or wrongly, the agitated girl feared to tell him the whole truth; she judged that it would only distress him unnecessarily. Needless to say, she had no intention whatever of "reconsidering" the matter of marrying Jack; the promise had been wrung from her under pressure, and she trusted that the fortune of war would ere long remove Rassitten from her path for ever. So she merely told Jack that he had promised her to do his best to secure Fred's immediate release—a promise he had forthwith carried out. "Humph!" was the young man's jealous comment. "He didn't do it for nothing, I'll warrant; he hopes to win his way into your good graces."

"He won't succeed, whatever he does!" cried Nellie, with conviction, and with that assurance Bryant was fully contented.

Mention has already been made in this story of one John Hardy, formerly of the Militia, and now corporal of "Tombs' Terrors." Hardy, when he took his gun and stole away to the woods to wage irregular warfare against the invaders, left behind him in the village all he valued on earth—a buxom, devoted wife, a bonny little girl of five, and his baby-son—the image of his dad!—as he was wont to declare proudly. During the years he had worked for Farmer Tombs he had never failed to be at home every night, and now the enforced separation from his family told on him more severely than all the hardships and dangers of his guerrilla life. Once or twice, spite of the terrible risk he ran, he had profited by his knowledge of short cuts and unobtrusive by-ways to penetrate the enemy's lines and visit his cottage by night to chat with the "missis" and kiss the sleeping children, stealing away as silently as he had come before daybreak. His cottage was exceedingly small and old, so that, fortunately for him, no soldiers were billeted there.

On this particular evening, his services not being required in the camp, he waited till night set in, and then crept away down into the valley again, worming his way past the pickets, and so to the back door of his cottage, a few yards from the post-office.

"You shouldn't ha' come, John," his wife told him, after her first transports of joy at seeing him once more had subsided. "Tis a terrible risk, an' you'll be doin' it once too often. An' if you was to get shot, John—"

"There, there!" interrupted John, kissing her fondly. "We'll not talk about that, lass. I know my way well enough; I reckon I could pass some o' them sentries two yards away, an' they'd never ear me. An' I was anxious about the baby; I was afeared that cold might get on his chest. I only wish I could have you an' the kiddies up at the camp; but that can't be, o' course. We're havin' to lie low a bit up there, now that there's so many o' the beggars marchin' round about."

They sat talking almost till daybreak, and then, bidding his wife farewell, Hardy prepared for departure. One peep outside, however, showed him that his retreat was temporarily off. A regiment, evidently bound for the front, was approaching from the direction of the church, men with blazing torches going in front of them, while others were hurrying down the lane to meet them. Hurriedly he dodged back, intending to wait till they had passed, but to his dismay he speedily discovered that they meant to bivouac in the open space hard by his house. Hugo fires were lit, and the men, wrapping themselves up in their big coats, made themselves as comfortable as possible around them, while sentries with fixed bayonets marched up and down.

"I can't wriggle through that lot, it's certain," Hardy told his anxious wife. "Never mind; I shall have to wait till to-morrow night, I suppose. There, don't be afeared; there's no danger yet. You kin keep me hid up all day, an' I can have a quiet little game wi' the kiddies."

Alas! for poor John Hardy! Scarcely had day dawned than the regiment marched off, but in its place came something much more to be dreaded—Captain Rassitten's search party, continuing the interrupted house-to-house hunt for "rebels."

Mrs. Hardy saw them coming, and in an agony of distress carried the news to her husband. Hurriedly he went to the rear of the house, only to see that all exit in that direction was closed by sentries stationed at close intervals. In front it was the same. Back he went to the bedroom, his face strangely set.

"I'm thinkin' there's been some dirty work, lass," he said. "Some one must ha' seen me come here an' ha' given the game away. Looks as though I was caught fair an' square."

Hardly had the words left his lips than there came a thunderous blow upon the door. Wildly the poor woman looked round for some place wherein to hide her husband, but the wretched little hovel boasted no place of concealment worthy the name.

"I—I'm afraid 'tis all up, lass!" murmured Hardy huskily. "There, don't look at me like that; you'll take the heart out o' me. Let 'em break the door down if they want to. Give us a kiss, lass, an' let me kiss the children just once again; then I'll see what I can do. Stop you in this room; I don't want you hit."

Crash! The door was down, and the soldiers were pouring in. Hardy, rifle in hand, ran to meet them. Crack! A bullet sang past his ear and buried itself in the stairs. Up went his weapon, and with a shout he dashed at his would-be captors. One man went down before his headlong rush, another, and another. Then, by sheer force of numbers, they overpowered him and dragged him triumphantly out into the road, where Rassitten stood playing with his moustache.

"Ah!" he said, as his eyes fell upon the young labourer's stalwart figure. "So the information did not err? Smash the brute's rifle up; that's it. Now, my man"—he strode up to Hardy and looked him sternly in the face—"you know what is in store for you, but I am willing to spare your life on one condition. Tell me just where the rest of your band are to be found, and I will merely send you to prison instead of shooting you out of hand. Is it a bargain?"

For a moment the prisoner's face worked curiously; then, slowly and reluctantly, he shook his head.

"No," he answered. "It can't be done. There's fellers there wif wives an' more kiddies than I've got; and I ain't goin' to save my skin by turnin' traitor to them."

Rassitten, without a word, swung round upon his heels. "Give me a firing-party," he told the sergeant at his elbow, "and take this dog across the road. And drive that crowd back; they've no business here."

While his search proceeded, a throng of interested villagers had gradually collected at his heels, and now that John Hardy, who was a well-known and popular village character, had been arrested, the news spread like wildfire, and the crowd speedily swelled to considerable proportions.

Using the butt-ends of their rifles unmercifully, the soldiers gradually drove the people back for some distance, keeping them there by posting guards with fixed bayonets.

Meanwhile, other soldiers had dragged the young labourer across the road and tied his hands behind his back. He had sustained a nasty cut upon the head during the mêlée in the doorway, and one of the men, moved by some sudden impulse of pity, tied a grimy handkerchief over the wound, from which the blood was pouring. The sergeant laughed brutally.

"It's hardly worth while," he remarked, in his own tongue. "The fellow will soon be past caring about that."

Rassitten, toying with the hilt of his sword, stared moodily across the road at his prisoner. Spite of his pale, set face, smeared with blood, spite of his torn shirt, which displayed his massive chest and broad shoulders, he looked a fine specimen of young British manhood.

The officer looked from the captive to the packed mass of frightened-looking people beyond the line of bayonets. It was a good opportunity to teach the villagers a lesson, and he determined to profit by it.

"My man," he said coldly, addressing Hardy, "you have dared, although a civilian, to take up arms against our soldiers. The penalty for that, as you doubtless know, is death. You have, further, resisted arrest by force, a crime which is also punishable by death. I intend to serve you the same as any other misguided civilian who attempts to follow your example. You will be shot forthwith; think yourself lucky I do not hang you."

A low murmur of horror and sympathy came from the crowd, but Rassitten, with a sneer, turned to the firing-party, and made a sign. Up went their rifles, but just then there came a dramatic interruption.

Forth from the ruined cottage door, with her babe in her arms, and the little girl dragging at her skirts, burst Mrs. Hardy. She took in the dread meaning of the scene that met her eyes in an instant, and with a low moan of uncontrollable anguish, sprang to Rassitten's side.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "for the love of Heaven, spare 'im!"

The scene—the woman's anguish, the prisoner's heroic attempt to control himself—was too much for the feelings of many in the crowd. Angry shouts arose, somebody shouted: "Down with the devils! Rescue him; rescue

him!" and the densely packed mass began to surge forward in ugly fashion.

Rassitten's face flushed; he shouted a sharp order, and the soldiers, closing up, drove the people before them, pricking them that made to stay with their bayonets. Faster and faster grew the pace of the retreat, till the frightened villagers were in full flight. Not till the whole street was clear did the pursuit relax; then guards were posted to prevent any possibility of a recurrence of the incident.

When the din subsided, Mrs. Hardy made another attempt to soften the officer's heart. Striving hard to choke down her sobs, she dropped upon her knees, turning her tear-stained face upwards.

"Oh, spare 'im, for pity's sake, sir!" she wailed, plucking at Rassitten's coat with trembling fingers, while the babe on her shoulder whimpered uneasily. "He's bin a good 'usband to me, sir. I'll promise he shan't fight against you any more; I'll promise—"

"Take this creature away!" growled Rassitten. "Ready, the firing-party!"

Up went the rifles, but as the sergeant sprang to remove the woman the little girl, with a cry of "Daddy! They're going to shoot my daddy!" ran towards Hardy, who was watching with straining eyes, his face transfigured with distress.

The sergeant plucked the child back, and as he did so John Hardy spoke in a hoarse, croaking voice—the voice of a strong man in mortal agony:

"Good-bye, my lass; good-bye, little May!" he said. "Don't make—don't make me break down afore the cowards. 'Twon't be long before I shall be revenged, lass, and—"

"Aim! Fire!" roared Rassitten harshly.

Crack! As one the rifles spoke, and the burly figure across the road fell forward limply and lay still. John Hardy, non-combatant, had paid the penalty for lifting his hand against the enemies of his country.

CHAPTER THIRTY. Imperative Orders.

WHEN, on his arrival back at headquarters, Captain Rassitten went in to make his formal report to the commandant, he found that gentleman in a very bad temper. His superior heard the story of the shooting of John Hardy in gloomy silence, his eyes glinting angrily at the Intelligence officer's account of the behaviour of the crowd.

"A good job you shot the brute," he observed when the tale was told. "It's a pity you didn't get some information out of him, though. It could have been done, I think."

"I'm afraid not," returned Rassitten, shaking his head. "The fellow was one of the dogged, die-sooner-than-speak type; a regular old-fashioned Britisher."

"Humph!" growled the commandant. "All the same, it might have been done. If you'd locked him up somewhere, and tried starvation and a little dose of the lash, perhaps he would have changed his mind. It's not in the code, of course, but we can't afford to fight vermin of that type on a fair basis. Only last night some of them broke up Number Eight Picket and killed three men; and somebody or other—I suspect it's them—has rendered the wheels of four of our transport waggons useless. It's not to be endured."

"Rassitten, you must find out their burrow and smoke 'em out. Take as many men as you want, and do it any way you please, but it has simply got to be done. With the British concentrating all round us it is imperative that we should be protected from counter-attacks in our very midst. I don't care what steps you take, but you've got to exterminate them."

"Am I to take that as a definite order, sir?" inquired the spy.

"Certainly," snapped the commandant—"an imperative and urgent order, as from the general himself! You needn't be squeamish"—he smiled ever so slightly. "I will spare you any formal report. Finish these scum off, and practically for a certainty you will gain your promotion."

Rassitten saluted stiffly, a gleam in his ferret eyes.

"If humanly possible, it shall be done, sir," he said. "Can I have a note upon the pay-

master for a hundred English pounds in case I find it necessary to buy information?"

"By all means," the commandant told him, and called to his clerk to make out the document.

"I hope to commence operations to-night, if all goes well," Rassitten told him, after pocketing the order. "You will know what it means, therefore, if you hear sounds of musketry in the neighbourhood. You want no prisoners?"

"None at all," replied his superior. "If there were



enough trees in this hamlet suitable for the purpose. I would ask you to bring me in a score of men to hang upon them as a warning to others, but there are not; therefore, you must deal with them on the spot."

"Very good, sir,"

And the spy strode out, a thoughtful frown upon his soarse face.

Going over to his own quarters, he shut himself in his room, and lighting up his big pipe, threw himself into a chair to think over the situation. He had assumed a bold face before his chief, but as a matter of fact he was secretly at a loss as to how to proceed in his work of locating Tombs' hidden stronghold.

He had himself thought of the possibility of applying a species of mental and physical torture to the unfortunate Hardy in order to induce him to divulge the secret, but had feared to do so in case his superior officer might not approve of such an irregular proceeding; and he felt greatly annoyed now to think that he had deliberately thrown away a chance of obtaining the information.

"If I'd known the commandant was willing to wink at a little dirty work I'd have got the truth out of the pig if I'd had to flog his wife in front of his eyes!" growled Rassitten amiably.

"Why couldn't he have given me a hint? Where to look now, I don't know; my spies—those who return, that is—report nothing; the others, I suppose, have allowed themselves to be captured and shot by those spawn of evil, under that villain of a farmer. Thunder! If I could lay hands upon him I would hang the dog from the highest pinnacle of the church tower!"

There are times when Fate seems to play into the hands of the evildoer, and so it was with Rassitten. He was still cogitating upon the problem his chief had set him when an unexpected stroke of luck befell.

Needless to say, he had long ago promised a substantial reward to anyone of his men who succeeded in locating the guerrillas' lair, and in consequence the spies had worked their hardest. Several of them, in fact, had gone out on quests from which they had never returned—they had fallen victims, no doubt, to the alertness of the men they were stalking. Now, as the officer sat there in his room, there came a hurried tap upon the door, and in response to his shouted "Come in!" one of his sergeants entered and saluted.

"Well, what is it?" asked Rassitten ungraciously. "Why this haste?"

"Sir," replied the soldier quickly, "I think I have good news for you. Two men of my section were out reconnoitring when they saw a man stealing along a hedgerow, and succeeded in capturing him. He carried a rifle, but threw it away and held up his hands at sight of them, begging for his life. He confessed that he was one of the guerrillas."

"Ah!" Rassitten's face was alight with anxious interest. "They did not kill him?"

"They did not, sir; they took him prisoner and brought him in to me. The fellow is a pitiful coward; he shed tears and implored me to spare him, saying he had left the outlaw camp because he was getting frightened, and wanted to fight no more."

"The very man for us!" cried the officer, springing to his feet. "Well, what else, sergeant?"

"Nothing of any importance, sir, except that I told him he would probably be shot or hung forthwith, whereupon he howled miserably. Then I came in to report to you."

The officer's brain was working at high pressure now.

"Where is this man?" he asked. "You have not brought him into the village? At Number Four Post? Good; I will come out and see him. Sergeant, the capture of that wretch may mean a good deal to both of us."

"That is what I thought, sir," returned the non-commissioned officer. "I think he will tell you anything you want to know."

Hurriedly Rassitten slipped into his coat and strode out, the sergeant close behind. It was a chill afternoon, with hard-edged clouds drifting

ow over the leaden sky, and there was the same persistent muttering of rifle and gun-fire to the south.

"Those infernal British are persistent!" muttered the officer uneasily. "Directly the other two divisions come up from the coast we shall have to drive them back, or things may become awkward, with our progress blocked to the northward."

It did not take Rassitten long to reach Number Four Post, on the outskirts of the hamlet. Here, in a tumble-down shed, the door of which was guarded by a sentry, he found a miserable-looking man of about forty, trembling in every limb and snivelling weakly.

The officer stepped into the shed, closed the door behind him, and regarded the prisoner fiercely.

"Well, my man," he growled, "do you know what is going to happen to you?"

With an inarticulate cry the captive flung himself forward.

"Oh, sir, spare me!" he moaned. "I'd made up my mind to surrender myself, I had indeed. I was sent out on outpost, but I'd determined to clear off, and I was actually lookin' for your chaps when they came across me. I made no attempt to shoot, sir—you ask 'em if I did—I jist tossed me gun away and put my 'ands up. I was a blamed fool when I took up wi' that lot, sir; it was Potts' hot talk as got over me, and I soon repented, but I never 'ad no chance to quit. When the opportunity came to-day, I took it at once, an'—"

"Silence!" interrupted the officer sternly. "All that has nothing to do with the case. On your own confession you belong to the guerrillas, and you were arrested with a rifle in your possession. That is quite enough. You will be hanged forthwith!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE. A Cleverly-laid Trap.

"On, don't say that, sir!" wailed the prisoner despairingly, tears streaming down his weak-looking face. "I—I've got a wife down in the village, sir. If you'll look over it this once,

sir, I'll—I'll do anything for you. As true as I stand 'ere, sir, I'll do anything for you."

The officer eyed him with disgust. He made as if to turn away; then, apparently struck by a sudden thought, faced the prisoner once more.

"You say you will do anything for us?" he said. "On certain conditions I might be disposed to spare your wretched life, much as you deserve to lose it."

New hope leapt into the captive's bloodshot eyes.

"What conditions, sir?" he asked huskily. "Lord, I'd do anything! I'm a young man yet; I've no wish to die, an' I've finished wi' Tombs an' 'is lot."

"The first condition is that you tell me—truthfully—where these outlaws have their lair," said Rassitten.

"In the old quarry-hole, top o' Magpie Hill, sir," the fellow burst out. "You go through the woods, dead sou'-west, until—"

"Wait a moment; I have not finished," interrupted the other quickly. "I said that was one condition; there are others."

"Name 'em, sir; I'm—I'm quite at your service," stammered the prisoner. The poor wretch was trembling so violently that he could hardly stand.

"There are some wounded up in the camp, are there not?" demanded Rassitten.

"Yes, sir—three or four."

"And has anyone been there to attend to them—any doctor, I mean?"

For an instant the prisoner hesitated, but his inquisitor's eyes were fixed full upon his face, and his fears conquered the last shreds of his manhood.

"Y-yes, sir. Young Mr. Bryant came up one night."

Rassitten turned away his head in order that the fellow should not see the gleam of triumph in his eyes. He had been correct in his surmises, then, after all; and Jack had only circumvented him by some clever ruse.

"How did this Bryant know where to come?" was the next question. "Had he been in communication with your gang previously?"

"No, he hadn't, sir; 'e had nothing to do with us. But when we found we couldn't do anything for the wounded, and saw 'em dyin' afore our eyes for want of attention, Mr. Tombs said we must try an' get a doctor at all costs. Several fellers volunteered to get word to Dr. Bryant—that's the young un's father, sir—but Tombs said as how it wouldn't be right to ask 'im to take the risk, seein' we was outside the law, in a manner o' speakin'. Just then one of our chaps tumbled over young Ned Bryant, and—"

"Ned Bryant; who is he?" demanded Rassitten sharply.

"He's Mr. Jack Bryant's young brother," explained the prisoner hastily. "He told our man he thought 'is brother would come like a shot, if he was asked, and 'e offered to do the askin'."

So he gave 'im all particulars, told him 'ow our camp could best be reached, an' off 'e went, promisin' to send us a smoke-signal if Master Jack could come. Well, 'e sent the signal, and that night Mr. Bryant came up, saw to the wounded, and got back safe, though I believe 'e 'ad a narrow escape from your fellers, beggin' your pardon, sir."

"I see, I see!" murmured Rassitten. There was a fierce, unholly joy at his heart, for he saw possibilities of enmeshing his rival in a net from which there was no escaping, and of destroying Tombs and his men at the same time. "And how is it that this—what is his name?—Ned Bryant was able to wander about and get into communication with your party?"

"He's one o' these 'ere Boy Scouts, sir," said the prisoner, with a pitiful attempt at a grin. "No doubt you've seen 'em about, sir—boys in shirts an' wide-brimmed 'ats. They've bin catchin' rabbits an' doin' jobs for the folk in the village, an' some o' 'em are mighty clever at slippin' 'ere an' there without bein' seen. That was the first time we'd met one, though," he added, apparently fearful that he had said too much.

"Humph!" The officer's tone was dry. "I fancy I must run these wretched boys into our compound and keep them there; they may become dangerous." He turned suddenly upon the prisoner. "This man Bryant has only been to your camp once to attend to the wounded?"

"Only the once, sir; it's—it's been too risky to ask him to come again. We 'ad an idea 'e might be watched and followed."

"And could the wounded do with further attention? I mean, would Bryant be surprised should he receive a second summons to visit the camp?"

The man looked surprised.

"I—I shouldn't think so, sir," he stammered. "One or two o' 'em was powerful bad; they are still, for the matter o' that."

There was no disguising the gleam in the officer's eyes now.

"Then if he were asked to go again, as a matter of life and death, and were also told that the coast was clear, do you think he would go?"

"I—I fancy so," returned the prisoner. "He's got plenty o' pluck."

"And how would you set about asking him?" demanded the inquisitor.

"Me? I've no call to ask him, sir. I—"

"Silence, fool!" snarled the officer angrily. "Listen to me. I will spare your miserable life on one condition only—that you faithfully fulfil a task I am going to give you. Tell me it is impossible, and I will send for a rope and the soldiers."

"Oh, I'll do anything, sir—anything!" Once more the captive was in tears; all his new-found confidence had vanished.

"This Bryant is in our way," continued Rassitten. "He has broken the regulations on several occasions, but we require proof against him. I want you to make your way to wherever these Boy Scouts are to be found, and tell them that you have been sent to them from your camp. You will ask them to inform Bryant that several life-and-death cases await him up there if he can possibly manage to get there to-night. You will add further that our pickets in that direction having been moved—that will be done—the coast will be perfectly clear for his journey. If Bryant consents to go, the Scouts are to burn a smoke-signal, as before—not for Tombs' benefit, of course, but for mine. Can you do that?"

"I—I darsay I could, sir," replied the man, licking his

dry lips tremulously. "But—but, beggin' your pardon, sir, it seems—"

"Never mind what it seems!" interjected the officer harshly. "You will either do as you are told, or within two minutes you will be performing your death-dance in mid-air; it is for you to decide."

"I—I'll do it, sir! An' you'll promise fair an' honest to spare my life, if I carry it out proper?"

"Certainly I promise," returned Rassitten. "I will even reward you in addition; the smashing of that camp will be a valuable service. But, mark you, at the slightest sign of any attempt to play me false, or to indicate to these boys that your message is a bogus one, you will be shot at once. I am going to have you taken to a point near the village, where you will be released in order to make your own way to the point where you can meet with one of the Scouts, but my men will be all around you, and your death will follow immediately upon any attempt to escape or play tricks."

"That—that'll be all right, sir!" the fellow assured him, with pitiful earnestness. "I—I've finished with 'em all, as I told you afore. I'll do everything just as you've told me, sir, and may Heaven bless you for bein' so kind to me. I'll—"

"That will do," said Rassitten sharply. "I am going out

now to give the sergeant his instructions. After you have carried out your mission, you will surrender yourself again to the guards, sending me word that everything has gone off all right. To-morrow, if all goes well, you will be released. If the scheme miscarries, it will be through you alone, and you will pay the penalty. Remember that."

Exactly two hours later, as Rassitten sat smoking in his quarters, the sergeant came hurrying into the room.

"The outlaw is in our hands again," he reported. "He says the message has been duly delivered and transmitted to Bryant, and the boys have just lit the smoke-signal, indicating that he will go. Here, sir"—he drew the blind aside—"you can see it from here."

Eagerly Rassitten looked forth. From amid a clump of trees a column of thick blue smoke was rising sluggishly into the air.

"Excellent!" cried the officer, and so far forgot himself as to slap the sergeant upon the back. "The fool has taken the bait! To-night, sergeant, we shall reap a full revenge upon our enemies."

"What is to be done with the prisoner now, sir?" asked the man.

Rassitten yawned wearily.

"Oh, that hound!" he said callously. "Keep him till daybreak, and then shoot him as a guerrilla. He has served his purpose, and it is impracticable to have him about the village—merely an extra mouth to feed. Besides, we don't want him babbling. Come back in an hour's time, will you? I will tell you then what men I shall require for to-night's expedition."

When the sergeant had gone the officer stood up to take another affectionate look at the column of smoke rising darkly against the lead-coloured sky.

"It will be meaningless to the outlaws, of course," he muttered, "but that matters little; other people beside Scouts light fires that smoke. To-night I shall kill two birds with one stone, as these English say; I shall exterminate the guerrillas, root and branch, and I shall pay off my long score against Bryant. Shall I shoot him on the spot, or shall I bring him back to the village for the farce of a trial, in recognition of his Red Cross work?"

He stopped, his brows puckered in thought, and then continued:

"But I can settle that later; the course to be adopted, of course, is the one that will give me the best hold over the fair Nellie. Would she marry me, I wonder, to save his precious life, or had I better put him out of the way at once? Surely, then, she would be glad to accept me, and so secure protection from the terrors that are bound to come soon, when we get to grips in earnest with the enemy? Fritz, my dear boy"—he laughed whimsically—"you are a clever rascal, without a doubt, and I can see you enjoying yourself to-night!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO. The Scouts to the Rescue.

THE wretched Jacob Pakeman, the captured member of "Tombs' Terror," lost to everything save the imperative necessity of preserving his own life, had carried out Rassitten's instructions only too faithfully.

Fortunately for them, perhaps, he was in ignorance of the Scouts' secret trysting-place, but he knew that isolated members of the patrol were usually to be met with, employed on some kindly errand or other, on the outskirts of the hamlet. So, dodging this way and that—ever mindful of the fact that he was being shadowed wherever he went—he hung about until at length he caught sight of Dexter, the patrol-leader himself, and managed to attract his attention.

While the boy, all unsuspecting, praised him for his pluck in venturing forth in daylight—putting his curious manner down to his excitement—Pakeman communicated his message, and in a couple of minutes they had parted. Dexter went off post-haste to find Ned Bryant, the traitor retreated upon his tracks, to be later taken in charge again by the soldiers who had dogged him to see that he obeyed orders.

When Ned brought the urgent appeal for help to Jack the latter at first hesitated about complying with it, but there rose before his mind's eye the picture of the scene of patient suffering he had witnessed before, and, spite of the risk, he could not find it in his heart to refuse.

"All right, send your signal, Ned," he said recklessly. "If the coast is clear, as you say, well and good. But you fellows will have to keep a look-out at the vicarage, and if you see any sign of trouble you must let me know, and I won't venture in. But—er—don't say anything to father and mother yet; we don't want to worry them needlessly."

S is for Sunshine that brightens the day
T is the Thousands we must take away.

"We'll keep a watch for you, old chap," Ned told him. "You're a brick to go, in my opinion. We're going to keep a special eye on Rassitten; he's the fellow you've got to fear most."

It was no empty promise that Ned had made to his brother; from Dexter downwards, the whole patrol felt a personal responsibility for Jack Bryant's safety. So, as the result of a long and earnest conference at their cave, two Scouts—Hilder and Smart—were told off to keep watch upon Captain Rassitten, and two to patrol the neighbourhood of the vicarage. Dexter and the sixth man, lying in wait at the rendezvous, held themselves in readiness for instant action.

The remainder of the day passed without any more exciting incident than the passage of further troops, horse and foot, through the hamlet towards the south, where the rumble of the guns had now died away.

Towards nightfall, however, a member of the patrol came in to report gleefully that Pakeman had been quite correct; the position of the enemy's pickets had been changed, and Jack's road to the guerrilla camp was practically clear.

Somehow or other, as the time for his departure drew near, Jack Bryant became conscious of an unwonted depression of spirits; he found himself dreading some unlooked-for calamity. Nellie, too, when he bade her farewell, clung to him pathetically.

"I shall be all right, little girl," he told her fondly. "The Scouts are going to watch for me, and if you put the lamp in your window, as we arranged, I shall know it's not safe to come in. What shall I do in that case? Why, go back to Tombs; if Rassitten has been spying on me it will be the only thing to do."

"And how long will it be before our own troops get here?" asked the girl. "Will you be back with them within a week?"

"I trust so, dear," Jack told her cheerily. "They'll soon shift these beggars, once they get on the move. Good-bye, darling—and don't forget the lamp."

It was a cold, frosty evening, with never a star in the sky—the very weather for such an enterprise as Bryant's. Moving very cautiously at first, but more rapidly as he gained confidence, he was soon well on his way.

It was then that, breathless and excited, Scout Hilder came dashing into the cave and flung himself down in front of his startled leader and the solitary Scout present.

"Dexter," he said, with a quiver in his voice, "there's something wrong. Mr. Bryant has set off, and—and Rassitten and three others have gone after him! Another party of about fifty went a few minutes before. I—I believe they've found out where Tombs' camp is."

Dexter leapt to his feet, his face showing his concern. "Great Scott!" he cried. "That's bad. Where's Smart?"

"I—I left Smart dogging Rassitten's party," panted the Scout. "I told him, if he got a chance, to cut in ahead, unobserved, and give Mr. Bryant the tip he was being followed. Perhaps Rassitten means to trail Mr. Bryant till he finds where the camp is, and then attack it with the whole force."

"In any case Mr. Bryant's in a bad hole," observed Dexter uneasily. "They'll probably shoot him if they catch him. We've got to do something, you chaps, and mighty quick, too. Hullo, who's this?"

Another Scout came stumbling into the camp—none other than Ned Bryant himself. His eyes were wild, his face pale.

"They've captured Pakeman," he burst out. "A man told me just now he saw him give himself up quietly to two soldiers this afternoon, who marched him off with them. But everything's all right at the vicarage; there's no sign of Rassitten or his men."

Dexter was doing some rapid thinking. "If Pakeman's been captured, he's probably given away the camp, and Mr. Bryant's visit as well, to save his own skin," he announced. "Don't ask questions now, Ned"—as Bryant broke in with an anxious query—"Your brother's in an awful hole, and we've got to save him. The first thing to do, I reckon, is to warn Mr. Tombs; he may be able to catch the soldiers in an ambush, and so divert them from Mr. Bryant. Bryant and Hilder, you'll come with me. We've got to beat the enemy in the race to the camp, so you've jolly well got to sprint."

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE. Turning the Tables.

PROFITING by their intimate knowledge of the countryside, the three Scouts, after getting clear of the village and the outlying pickets, made a beeline for Tombs' camp, jogging along at a rapid pace.

There is no need to describe in detail that seemingly-endless night run, how, a dozen times at least, the sudden movement of some startled rabbit or bird brought them to a standstill, their hearts in their mouths.

To add to their troubles, half-way on their journey, the moon sailed suddenly forth from behind a big bank of clouds, and they saw below them, creeping stealthily along a valley, the fifty men Rassitten had detached for special service. They were heading in the direction of Tombs' camp; there could be no doubt whatever about that; and the Scouts, setting their teeth, jogged on yet faster.

"We've got to get there soon enough to give Tombs plenty of time to take steps to save Mr. Bryant and his own men as well," panted Dexter. "Put your backs into it, chaps; we're—we're not done yet."

Nor were they, but by the time they breasted the last rise they were perilously near that stage. Ere the sentry there could challenge them, they had given the cry of the owl—the signal that betokened a friend—and a moment later, while the other two lay gasping on the verge, Dexter was hurrying down the cliff-path to the camp.

"I want to see Mr. Tombs," he told the sentry there hoarsely. "Oh, hurry, hurry; it's life-and-death. And tell the rest to get their guns at once; they'll want 'em."

Forthwith the sentry dashed headlong into the sleeping-cave, and in another moment Tombs came forth, holding a lantern above his head and blinking at Dexter as though he were some apparition from another world.

"What's up, boy?" demanded the farmer sharply. "Lord, what a state you're in! What's the trouble?"

"Fifty of the enemy are coming through the valley to attack you," the patrol-leader told him hurriedly. "They've just about got clear of the heath now. Mr. Bryant is about five minutes ahead of them, coming by the short cut, and just behind him is that beast Rassitten and three other men."

"Jee-rusalem!" cried the farmer, aghast; then he flung an order over his shoulder. "Hurry up, you men; it's the enemy a-coming. But I don't quite understand," he continued. "What's Mr. Bryant comin' for?"

"You sent Pakeman for him," replied the boy. "You wanted him for the wounded. Didn't you see our smoke-signal?"

"We saw some smoke, but we wasn't expectin' no signal," said Tombs. "And I never sent Pakeman neither; he went out on outpost, and hasn't returned. Did 'e come in an' tell you I wanted Mr. Bryant?"

"Yes, and to say that the coast was quite clear."

"Then he's a bloomin' liar, an' there's some treachery about," growled Tombs angrily. "An' what's goin' to happen to Mr. Bryant? Is Rassitten tryin' to capture him, or simply to shadow 'im and find out where our camp is?"

"I don't know; but if they catch him he'll be shot," answered the patrol-leader. "I thought perhaps you could throw your men out, get between Mr. Bryant and Rassitten, and ambush the others."

"Good lad; an' so we will!" snapped Tombs, as the men began to emerge. "Let me see, now. The soldiers are just clear of the heath, comin' through the valley; Mr. B. is five minutes ahead, comin' by the short cut, wi' Rassitten just behind him. That's correct, ain't it? By gum! but we'll show 'em; we've got some bones to pick wi' Rassitten, we have. Did you come alone, boy?"

"There are two others up on the top," answered Dexter. "Then get you back to them, and away home," ordered the farmer. "This is no place for your chaps; there's going to be grim work round 'ere soon. Make yourself easy; we'll save Mr. Bryant—or rescue 'im, if so be as he's already captured—if I have to lose every man I've got to do it. And I'll thank you boys properly later on."

The moon was up now, sailing serenely clear and flooding the silent woodland with light, but under the trees the blackness was intense. Tombs' first thought was to safeguard Jack Bryant. Half a dozen picked men were told off for the special work of finding him; half a dozen more went to cover them and attend to Rassitten's party. The remainder—more than a score, for Tombs had been gaining recruits lately—went with the farmer himself to prepare a warm reception for the half-company of infantry away on the tank.

The party sent off in search of Bryant was in command of Potts, the innkeeper. Moving forward rapidly yet cautiously, taking advantage of every scrap of cover, it was not long before they encountered somebody—none other than Smart, the Scout, who had been left by his comrade Hilder to follow Jack and Rassitten alone. He peered forth startled, from a bush; then, as a shaft of moonlight shone upon Potts' honest face, he leapt forth with a glad little cry.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" he said hurriedly. "You must save Mr. Bryant, Potts. I—I think he knows he's being followed, and he's doing his best to dodge, but the others are close on his heels. They're just over yonder, coming round the shoulder of the hill; I cut over the top."

"Right, lad," said Potts, and wheeled his men, the whole party flitting through the chequered patches of light and shade as silently as phantoms.

Ah! there below them—a moving dot of black upon a field of silver—was Jack Bryant. And behind, invisible to him, but plainly apparent to the watchers above, skulked four other dots—Rassitten and his men.

"They're ours!" gritted Potts through his teeth. "Take the horficer alive, you chaps; it's strict orders. And as little firm' as possible, mark ye."

Leaving the boy to watch, entranced, the line of skirmishers crept down the hillside, guns at the ready, eyes aglow, while the four dots moved ever nearer to the one dot. Then, of a sudden, one of Tombs' men, from behind a bush, sprang full upon a passing soldier.

Another, alarmed, fired his rifle, and in an instant the ravine was alive with struggling figures; fierce cries and the reports of weapons fired at close quarters broke the stillness of the night.

Rassitten, with a bitter oath, turned to fly; two men leapt at him, struck his pistol from his hand, and in a trice had him bound hand and foot. Two of the soldiers were dead; the third lay senseless and wounded.

"Well done!" was Potts' only comment. "Now where's the men I sent after Mr. Bryant? Ah, 'ere they are! Pleased to meet ye, Mr. Bryant; you've had a mighty narrier squeak. Pick up the prisoner, men, and let's be gettin' back to the camp; there's lots to do afore the night's out."

(To be concluded next week.)

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

When digestion fails, whether from loss of tone, errors in diet, over-work or any other cause, all you need to make you well and strong again is a course of the digestive tonic—Mother Seigel's Syrup.

A DIGESTIVE TONIC MADE FROM ROOTS, BARKS & LEAVES.

Thirty drops taken daily after meals will cleanse and give tone to your liver, assist digestion, renew your appetite, brace up your nerves and invigorate your system. As a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy it has no equal.

CURES INDIGESTION

Also in Tablet Form. Price 2/9.

An Inspiration in Perfume

Thousands of unsolicited testimonials justify our great claim for a great perfume. It charms the most fastidious with a fragrance that is refreshing yet never intrusive. Gentlewomen who like a subtle scent that lends them a dainty distinction are adopting "Shem-el-Nessim" to the exclusion of all others.

We invite every reader of "Pearson's Weekly" to test its merits.

Shem-el-Nessim

The Scent of Araby



A Complete Suite of Perfume, Soap, Powder, Dentifrice, etc., makes a most acceptable and unique present.

PERFUME, 2/6, 4/6, and 8/6 per bottle.
SOAP, 1/- per tablet.
DENTIFRICE, 1/- per box.
TOILET WATER, 2/6 per bottle.
FACE POWDER, 1/- per box.
SACHETS, 6d. each.
CACHOUS, 3d. per box.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Perfumers.

SAMPLES

of Perfume and Soap, with scented card for the glove-box, sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover packing and postage. Mention Dept. S46.

J. GROSSMITH & SON,

Di-tillers of Perfumes,
Dept. S46, Newgate St., LONDON.

U is the Universal delight that we give
V is Variety without which we can't live.



SHE OBJECTED.

AN old Irishwoman recently had her first ride in an electric tramcar. She had taken her ticket, and was shortly afterwards asked by an inspector to show it to him. To the other passengers' amusement, she said:

"Ticket, yer honour! Shure, I don't sell 'em!"

"I know that, my good woman," said the inspector; "but it is your own ticket I want to see."

She replied:

"My ticket, is it you want? Faith, then, you'll not get it. You may buy one for yerself, same as I did."

PAUSE (engaged a week): "George and I have never had a quarrel."

Mrs. De Termined: "Oh, I think you ought to have one before you are married, otherwise you can't be quite sure whether you are going to have your own way or not."

THE visiting parson was giving Convict 45 consolation: "You should not complain, my misguided friend," he said; "it is better to take things as you find them." "Yer on the wrong track, parson," replied the prisoner. "It wer' practising that theory that got me nabbed."

Mr. B.: "There, I've let my cigar go out. Do you know that it spoils a cigar, no matter how good it is, if you allow it to go out?"

Mrs. B.: "Yes, a cigar is a good deal like a man in that respect."

HAD TRIED ELECTRICITY.

THE tramcar conductor had had a good deal of trouble in getting the old lady into the car. But at last his struggles were successful.

"Oh, me!" she wheezed, as she settled herself in her seat. "It's all this dreadful rheumatism—that's what it is. I'm sure, as I used to say to my dear husband, I'm a perfect martyr to it."

Instantly a benevolent-looking old gentleman in the corner was all sympathy.

"Did you ever try electricity, madam?" he said kindly. "I used to be a great sufferer myself from rheumatism; but in the course of a short time it completely cured me."

"Electricity, indeed!" snorted the old lady. "A lot of good that is! I should think I have tried it! Why, I was struck by lightning only a year ago, and it didn't do me a bit of good."

"WHEN I was coming home last night," said Miss Outlate, "I saw a man skulking along in the shadows. Oh, how I ran!"

"An' couldn't you catch him?" inquired her little brother innocently.

BLOBS: "You're pretty much gone on Miss Gobbs, aren't you, old man?"

Hobbs: "I was, once. But after what she said to me last night, I'm not going to pay any more attention to her."

Blobbs: "What did she say?"

Hobbs: "No!"

"DOCTOR," said the convalescent, smiling weakly, "you may send in your bill any day now."

"Tut, tut!" replied the M.D., silencing his patient with a wave of his hand. "You're not strong enough yet."

"You are Mr. Queezen, the husband of the celebrated lectress on cookery, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," replied the dejected, hollow-eyed man. "I am the man she tries her new dishes on."

LUCKY POSTMASTER.

THE young postmaster of a little village was busy at work in his office when a gentle knock came to the door, and in stepped a pretty young country lass.

Walking up to the desk, she handed the official, with a bashful smile, a post-office order, which he closely examined, and paid the young woman the sum inscribed. At the same time, he asked her why she had not detached the counterfoil from the order, as the sender had written on it a further communication for her.

"Indeed," said the girl; "well, you see, I can't read; perhaps you will be so kind as to read it for me."

The postmaster read as follows:

"I send you herewith five shillings and a thousand kisses." Glancing rapidly at the young person, he added, with his accustomed official gravity, "You have now got the money, and I am ready to give you the kisses at once."

The young country girl accepted the balance of her order, and, on reaching home, she said to her folk:

"Eh, but it's a grand concern—this post-office; you can now get kisses sent along with your money orders."

CANDOUR WOULDN'T PAY.

A GENTLEMAN who was no longer young, and who never was handsome, said to a child in the presence of her parents:

"Well, my dear, what do you think of me?"

The little girl made no reply, and the gentleman continued:

"Well, you don't tell me. Why won't you?"

Two little fat hands tucked the corners of a pinafore into her mouth, as she said, archly, in a timid whisper:

"'Cause I don't want to get whipped."

A TICKLISH QUESTION.

A GOOD story is told of a Dublin car-driver's apology for the disgraceful raggedness of a fellow driver.

"Ah, sur," said the apologist, "you must excuse him, sur; he can't help it."

"But why doesn't his wife mend his clothes for him?"

"Ah, your honour, he has no wife."

"Then why doesn't he get another coat?"

"He can't, sur; I assure you he can't."

"Why can't he?"

"Well, sur, it has been tried once or twice, but it can't be done. He is so very ticklesome that no tailor in Dublin dare lay a tape on him."

FAR FROM HIS THOUGHTS.



Young Masher (treating his best girl to a lobster supper): "That's a nice-looking fellow at the next table. Is he a friend of yours?"

Pretty Girl, laughing: "Yes, indeed."

Young Masher: "Well, er—I think I'll ask him to join us."

Pretty Girl: "Oh, this is so sudden."

Young Masher: "What's so sudden?"

Pretty Girl: "Why—, he's our young minister."

PUNISHED.

JONES saw Tomkins coming towards him, and he noticed that his countenance looked as though it had been through a very bad time indeed.

"I say, old chap," he said, with alarm, "whatever is the matter with your face?"

"Well," replied Tomkins, "I was walking down the street yesterday, reading a letter—foolish thing to do, of course—but I was punished for it. A workman coming the opposite way lurched up against me, hit me in the mouth with a pickaxe, and knocked a tooth out!"

"Oh! that was quite a dental operation, wasn't it?" commented Jones, who must have his little joke.

"Well, no! He said it was an axe-i-dental operation!"

"Oh, that's too thin!"

"Not exactly, it was tooth out!"

WANTED THE USUAL SIGNAL.

THE play was *Mazeppa*, the strongest scene of which is when the heroine is strapped to the back of a wild horse, which is driven off among the mountains, to dash itself to pieces.

For this scene it was usual to hire a horse from the nearest livery stables. One evening, however, at a London suburb, the horse refused to move. Every expedient was tried, but budge it wouldn't.

The ostler at the wings, however, grasped the situation. The words, "Let loose the untamed fiery steed" had been said for the third time, when from the wings came: "Right away, higher up," followed by the regulation two stamps of the foot given by the average bus conductor.

Then the poor old bus horse walked slowly off, amid shrieks of laughter.

ASPECTS TO ORDER.

IN a certain manufacturing town it is a common thing for skilled workmen to save suffi-

cient money wherewith to build houses for themselves. A great deal of rivalry exists among these men as to who should have the best house, with sometimes curious architectural results.

A and B were two rivals. A having built a house, B, whose turn soon afterwards came, determined to outdo him. So he called in a well-known architect to prepare plans.

Asked what aspect he would like to his house, B, scratching his head, inquired:

"Aspect! What's that? Has A got one?"

"Why, of course," said the architect; "he couldn't possibly—"

"Then put me on two!" was the prompt and emphatic reply.

"Now, John," said an irate wife to her husband, "I thought you said you had been duck-shooting."

"Yes, dear—been duck-shooting."

"But these you've brought home are tame ducks."

"Yes, dear; I tamed 'em after I shot 'em."

A STORY is told concerning a boy who got vaccinated the other day upon his right arm, and immediately afterwards tied the usual red ribbon round the left one.

The doctor visited him the next day to note progress. "Why," he said, "you've got the ribbon on the wrong arm."

"No," said that smart boy, "you don't know the chaps at our school."

RAMBLING WAGGLES: "I was robbed last night, and about fifty-three articles were stolen from me. Everything I had in the world."

Policeman: "Fifty-three articles?"

Rambling Waggles: "Yes; a pack of cards and a corkscrew."

NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK

SANDERSON was on a visit to Simpkins, and, in due course, naturally, he was shown the family album.

"Yes," said Simpkins, as he turned the leaves, "that's my wife's second cousin's Aunt Susan. Poor old soul! She had the most remarkable nose I ever saw. It was the shape of a note of interrogation. And that's Cousin James; and that's a friend of ours; and that— Ah! now, who do you think that is?"

"Don't know," said Sanderson.

"Well, that's my wife's first husband, my boy!"

"Is he, what a perfectly brainless-looking ass! But, excuse me, old fellow, I didn't know your wife was a widow when you married her."

"She wasn't," said Simpkins stiffly. "That, sir, is a portrait of myself at the age of twenty."

"My dear," said the professor's wife, "the hens have scratched up all that egg-plant seed you sowed."

"Ah, jealousy!" mused the professor. And he sat down and wrote a twenty-page article on the "Development of Envy in the Minds of the Lower Grade of Bipeds."

"How do you sell your music?" asked the prospective customer.

"It depends on the kind you want," replied the smart clerk. "We sell piano music by the pound and organ music by the choir."

SHOPKEEPER (to commercial traveller): "Can't give you an order. Quite over-stocked."

Traveller: "Let me at least show you my samples."

Shopkeeper: "Spare yourself the trouble. I can't look at them."

Traveller: "Then will you allow me to look at them myself? It is three weeks since I have even seen them."

ONLY MADE THE FIRE.

AN Irish lawyer who used to have an extensive practice in the criminal courts was once engaged to defend a Jew charged with setting fire to his shop. He felt so confident of being able to have his client acquitted that he put him in the witness box.

"Now, my good man," he began, "remember you are on your oath. You stand here charged with a terrible crime. I want you to look the jurymen in the face and tell them you are not guilty of this cowardly deed. Are you or are you not guilty of this charge of arson?"

The Jew, who had never heard the word arson used before, and thinking it was some new charge, tried to save himself. In a thoroughly frightened tone he answered:

"No, your Honour, I am not guilty of arson. All I done vos to make der fire."

The Kaiser's Army.



TAKE AN AVERAGE British soldier and put him for, say, three months' military training, into the German Army. What would be the result? Twelve weeks out of the thirteen would be spent in solitary confinement for insubordination and insulting a superior officer, while in the last week he would

probably be executed for killing one.

This is not intended as a slur upon the British soldier; for, although he gives up his life and body to the service of his country, still he retains his individuality and his self-respect. Such is certainly not the case with the German soldier; for what self-respect can a man have who is habitually addressed by his superior officers by such epithets as, bandy-legs, pig-dog, fool, idiot, and so on.

Every Man a Soldier.

Since every man, who is not an absolute idiot or physically incapable, is compelled to serve, it can be well imagined that the German Army, as a whole, is not conspicuous for symmetry of form, nor beauty and intelligence of countenance; therefore, it seems more than hard that a man who, through no fault of his own, is afflicted with some personal defect, should have this affliction publicly derided and jeered at with remarks prefaced by one or more of the foregoing elegancies of speech.

The under-officers are the worst offenders in this respect.

"Hi! you bandy-legs, don't stand there looking as conceited as if you were the only silly ass in the whole regiment," is the sort of wit in which the non-com. indulges at the unfortunate private's expense.

Poor fellow; for the time being he is a machine—the property, nominally, of his country, but, in reality, of the man who happens to be in command over him, and woe betide him if he offend his sergeant. He must have no thought, no will of his own. Perhaps he never had much of either. All the better for him when he becomes a soldier.

Now and again, though, a man refuses to submit to such indignities without a struggle, but repeated confinements to the cells and bread and water diet soon break his spirit. If not, there are worse punishments.

Two Years' Compulsory Service.

As soon as he realises that he gave up his manhood when he took on the uniform, he can get on fairly well, provided he is thick-skinned. His work is arduous, his rations poor, and he is rewarded with the munificent sum of 2½d. per diem (in a cavalry regiment it is a little more); but he can console himself with the reflection that two years will see the end of it. This is the length of time he has to serve, unless he happens to be the son of rich people, when one year will suffice.

But there is a great and marked difference between the two. The rich man's son must succeed in passing an exam., and then, during the year, must keep himself in uniform, food, lodgings, and everything else. It costs anything between £150 and £250, according to the regiment he is in. Although he has to drill and work with the others, he is generally better treated, has more privileges, and may pass his spare time as he likes, provided he does not leave the town without permission. The under-officers are fairly decent to him, although sometimes they may be cutting.

"Where are you going to, Schmidt?" said a non-commissioned officer to a gentleman private.

"To dine, sir," came the reply.

"What?" roared out the sergeant. "Officers dine, we eat, but you—you feed, understand!" and this to a gentleman born.

Wear Each Other's Cast-offs.

The German soldiers on parade are not a pretty sight, nor an imposing one. They are mostly undersized, underfed, and overworked. There is a splendid assortment of knock-knees, bandy-legs, and squints; but, remember, Germany can put three million men of a sort on the field.

And the uniforms! They are not beautiful at best; but when you know that each man gets his predecessor's garments—or what is left of them—it may be imagined that a regiment of soldiers is an impressive spectacle. I have seen a little man wearing a coat three sizes too large for him. It was belted in at the waist, the skirts forming a ludicrous frill; while a little way down the line a great, burly fellow did his best to stand in a way which put less strain upon the seams of his nether garments. They each have a decent suit for full-dress parade, though.

An English Girl's
Impression.

An element of fear runs through the whole army, the men being afraid of each and every superior. The sergeants fear the lieutenants, who, in turn, fear the captains, and so on, up to the commanding general. He, being at the top of the tree, has no one over him, so let us hope he fears his Maker. Judging from his language, he does not. All officers swear loudly and well, but none so wholeheartedly and fervently as this pinnacle of power.

The gem of the German Army is assuredly the lieutenant. He is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever—in the eyes of the fair sex, at any rate. No matter how much popular opinion and unbiased observation may incline against him, to the German girl he is perfect.

His conceit is ineffable; his appearance very ordinary, though sometimes you come across a handsome one; his knowledge is astounding; his opinion of himself, his abilities, and everything pertaining to him, could not be improved upon; although very young, he is generally as blasé as an old roué of sixty—and his uniform is charming. I do not blame a lieutenant; he cannot help himself; he is the darling and the idol of every girl to whom he condescends to speak. So what wonder if he is self-satisfied and spoilt!

Lieutenant's Poor Pay.

Of course, there are exceptions. There are as unassuming, good-hearted young fellows wearing the German uniform as are to be found anywhere, but they are not the rule. Against the older officers I can say nothing. They have had this nonsense knocked out of them long ago. They have too much hard work, and, unless they have a good private income or rich wives, too little money to indulge in tomfoolery.

"Are—er—the English officers—er—as educated (febildet) as we German?" said a young lieutenant to me upon being introduced. My answer was something to the effect that the English officers were not so conceited (eingebildet) as the German, and he seemed surprised, quite hurt, in fact, that I was not overcome with gratitude at his condescension in speaking to me at all. He had to learn that in England it is the girl who condescends.

But a lieutenant has to work hard—very hard—at all kinds of drill and exercise. He has to instruct a squad of men in history and "war-game"—no sinecure if you know the men—and he receives instruction upon the same subjects from his colonel, besides which he generally studies one or more foreign languages.

His pay is very slender, too. I wonder if an English officer would credit the fact that a German lieutenant, by no means in his first year, receives 17s. 6d. per week for his services. A lieutenant told me so himself.

What wonder, then, that they contract debts, which the wife-to-be has the onus of paying. But, in spite of all, they are a happy-go-lucky, light-hearted set of fellows, with a charm that is all their own, and, I must say, I spent a very pleasant two years in a German garrison town.

OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.

Englishmen Abroad.

"At the very moment when, in some outlandish spot, you have seen English tourists behave so abominably, and you took fearful joy in the fact that they were not Americans, some really cultivated, gracious, and supple Englishman has turned up to convince you of the folly of generalising. Let it go at this, that the English are the worst and also the best travellers on earth."—NEW YORK EVENING POST.

Our Public Schools.

THE public schools and the preparatory schools which depend upon them are the true moulders of the English political spirit; it is they which are in real touch with the country; it is they which have produced the characteristic English stability of ideas.—Baron Pierre de Coubertin.

The Unchangeable Englishman.

ABOVE all, it is in the public schools that the "gentleman" is formed. There are two impossible things in life; to square the circle, and to give a definition of a gentleman. I know no other definition than this: That a gentleman is an "Englishman formed by the public schools." And now note this: The public school of to-day forms a "gentleman" absolutely and entirely similar to that formed by the public school of forty years ago. The Frenchman, the German, the American, the Italian, the Russian have changed. The Englishman shows no sign of alteration.—REVUE POUR LES FRANÇAIS (Paris).

Y is for youngsters waiting patiently by
Z is the Zeal with which you reply.

GROWING HAIR BY THE CALENDAR.

Watch the Calendar for a Week and See How Rapidly
Your Hair Will Improve with only Seven Days'
"Harlene Hair-Drill."

All the Material and Instructions Necessary for
Carrying Out this Valuable Toilet-Test Sent
Free by Request.

The popularity of "Harlene Hair-Drill" is largely due to the rapid results it gives. "Harlene Hair-Drill" grows beautiful hair in a week—it stops hair from falling out in four days. There has never been anything to compare with "Harlene Hair-Drill" so far as its practically instantaneous action in developing the beauty, colour, and luxuriance of the hair is concerned. A week's trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill" convinces everyone of the almost magical effect of the new method in growing new hair upon the bald or thin patches, in restoring the lustre and colour to grey or faded hair, in removing scurf, in increasing the lustre and glossy luxuriance of "Woman's crowning glory." You try "Harlene Hair-Drill" for a week, and you see your hair growing more beautiful before your eyes. The "Harlene Hair-Drill" Calendar is only Seven Days long, but each day is marked by a wonderful improvement in the health and luxuriance of your hair. You become a believer in, and follower of, "Harlene Hair-Drill" for the rest of your life. And consequently you are never troubled in the future with Falling Hair, Baldness, Greyness, Scurf Deposits, or any other trouble or weakness of the scalp or hair.

In one week "Harlene Hair-Drill" grows beautiful hair

"Harlene Hair-Drill" only takes a couple of minutes

a day. Practice it for a week, and see how your hair grows in beauty and luxuriance under its influence.

Practice the rules of "Harlene Hair-Drill" as drawn up by Mr. Edwards, the eminent Royal and Court Hair Specialist, and discoverer of "Harlene-for-the-Hair," and you can literally watch your hair growing thicker, longer and more beautiful. You can grow hair by the calendar—a calendar only seven days long.

A SEVEN DAYS' FREE TEST.

Test this for yourself. Try it for a week. If you accept the offer given here to-day, you can test the merits of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" at Mr. Edwards' own expense. Fill up the coupon given below, and send it to the address given, together with threepence in stamps to cover the carriage, and you will be sent in return, free of any charge or obligation, a supply of "Harlene" sufficient for a week's "Hair-Drill," together with a book containing the full directions for this best of all methods of cultivating the beauty, and strength, and health, and luxuriance of the hair.

Or you may—if you conveniently can—bring this coupon personally to the address given below, and you will be handed the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit in exchange. In this case, of course, you will save the three stamps for postage.

Further supplies of "Harlene" may be obtained from ordinary enterprising chemists or stores; or it will be sent direct (and free of postage), on receipt of postal order, from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96 High Holborn, London, W.C., in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles.

To the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Having read your article on "Growing Hair by the Calendar," I would like to accept your offer to send me the week's Trial Outfit for "Harlene Hair-Drill" free of charge. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage (to any part of the world).

Name

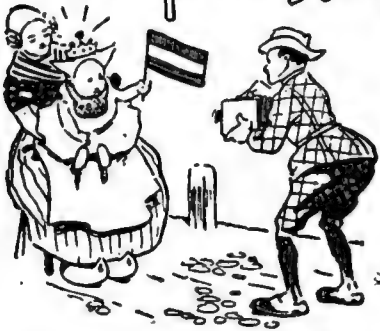
Address

Pearson's Weekly, May 10, 1909.



The Press Photographer

An Interesting Article that
Tells You All About Him.



"It is only during the last five or six years that we have become accustomed to the sight of the man with the camera rushing about snap-shooting celebrities at important functions,

weddings, and sport meetings. Ten years back he was practically unknown, and the pioneers of the movement were only able to obtain their photographs on sunny days with the old-fashioned slow lens, and working, even under such conditions, with extreme difficulty.

The demand for illustrated papers, which reveal the news at a glance, and by their underlines spare one the trouble of wading through a column of type, is still on the increase, and there is every evidence that in the near future the photographic profession will become overcrowded.

Still, there will always be an opening for the really efficient man, and at present the leading agencies and papers are always ready to take a man on trial. In this way they are continually receiving a number of useless persons who must sorely try their patience.

Works at a Fixed Salary.

An applicant from Newcastle produced such favourable testimonials that a well-known daily resolved to give him a trial, and paid his expenses to London. In due course, he arrived resplendent in a top hat and frock-coat. For a week he failed to obtain a picture, and at the end of that time his fare had to be paid back, as he "seriously objected to being sent into the slums."

Another arrival from Guildford refused to employ any other instrument in his work than a very old model box camera he had brought with him. In consequence, he was not able to work at all in dull weather, and on a fine day was useless as regards speed work. Finally, he was sent away, refusing to the last to have anything to do with the "new-fangled" focal plane instrument.

As a rule, the Press photographer works at a fixed salary, with so much commission on every photograph sold or published, and in prosperous times a first-rate man will make as much as £15 a week.

Of course, one difficulty in the way of the beginner is the price of his apparatus, amounting to some £20 or more. Again, if he is not exceptionally sharp, his fellow-photographers will often "take a rise out of him."

Stops at Nothing for a Picture.

A great difficulty he experiences is that of not being able to recognise celebrities at important functions, and he can rarely resist the temptation to take the same pictures as his companions. This is the immediate signal for them to take a number of false pictures, pretending to photograph anyone by the simple process of letting the shutter fall with a click, without drawing the dark slide and exposing the plate.

In this way the unfortunate beginner uses all his plates on worthless material, and, when the Princess, Emperor, or Bishop arrives, has none left to expose.

The life of a Press photographer is not unattended with excitement, and he will stop at nothing when a good picture is to be obtained. Barriers and attendants cannot keep him out; he will manage to get in somehow, and at all the exhibitions and shows he is aware of some side door, where, with the aid of a little tact, he may enter.

Wiles to Enter Forbidden Places.

At bazaars and fêtes, where entry is obtained by ticket, he employs the "Brazen Entry System"—that is, he walks straight through, glancing neither to the left nor right, and the attendants justly conclude that the place belongs to him. Flunkeys are a terrible nuisance, however; their powdered heads can never conceive that the average Press photographer is ten times their superior in intelligence, and everything else, and on most important occasions, with hauteur and cockney accent, his card will be refused.

Many are the wiles which the photographer resorts to in order to enter forbidden places, and some have special pockets let into their coats, in which to hide a camera, should occasion arise, when it would be necessary to do so.

At a recent military scandal, when the Court of Inquiry was held at the Wellington Barracks, the photographer, or anyone with a camera, was rigorously refused admission. Nevertheless, next day there appeared photographs of the scene in court.

On the second day of the trial all reporters and suspected persons were submitted to a thorough search, and a well-known Pressman was discovered with a camera hidden in his coat; but, on the plea

that he wanted to report, he was admitted, minus his camera.

The next day a picture of the accused in court appeared. How was it to be accounted for? Why, the man who had taken the camera in his coat carried it as a blind; the real camera with which he did the work was a very small one that he had concealed in—his hat.

When the King and Queen of Spain were over here with the young Prince of Asturias, it proved an exceedingly trying time for the Press photographer. Some spent whole days outside Kensington Palace waiting for a glimpse of him and his nurse.

Press photography can be done decorously and from a distance; there is not the slightest need to poke a camera into your subject's face. I have seen at a bazaar a man who pointed his camera at a duchess in much the same fashion as a highwayman would have demanded the "stand and deliver" with a blunderbuss. He was quietly ordered to leave the building, while another obtained the same snap-shot without being seen.

Flashlight Work Objected To.

A ban has been placed on photographers at Sandringham, as once a Princess was almost thrown from her horse by a man, who was hidden in the hedge, frightening the animal by jumping out suddenly and presenting a camera.

Photographing horse racing, motor-boat racing, and yacht racing needs a quick eye and steady hand, and accidents sometimes occur. At last year's Monte Carlo motor-boat races a row-boat was overbalanced by the ebb from the racing boats, and a photographer received a ducking.

Flashlight work is generally objected to by most people, as it always presents the vision of a bang, a flash, and a roomful of smoke.

But your competent photographer never causes any unpleasant sensation.

THE SONG OF THE PENNIES.



ONE well-worn penny, held in quite a manly hand,
Bought a morning paper somewhere near the Strand.



TWO useful pennies, that were old and travel-stained,
Paid for a 'bus fare when the heavens rained.



THREE nimble pennies, that the owner ne'er would miss,
Bought a mild cigar just to bring a little bliss.



FOUR jolly pennies, clear and bright with golden hue,
Were left at a florist's for a button-hole on view.



FIVE cheerful pennies, sniffling round for something sweet,
Changed hands for a tiny pear down in Regent Street.



SIX nobby pennies, in a hand so plump and fine,
Went to tip a waiter where the giver went to dine.



SEVEN well-fed pennies, who'd a swellish bringing up,
Paid for a juicy chop to feed my lady's pup.



EIGHT well-nought pennies in a money-box of tin
Said, "We want another one, we wish he'd now come in."



NINE useful pennies, taken from their humble home,
Took a poor, hungry, ill-clad child from the sunless,
unhealthy slums, and gave it a glorious day in the
beautiful country, copious draughts of pure, tonic air,
fields to romp in, heaps of sunshine, happiness, good
food, and a whole day of delightful and happy existence,
the memory of which will be dwelt upon for a whole
year when we hope that fortune will again come the
way of the helpless child. (See footnote.)



A Subject All England will Shortly be Talking
About.

In a little while every town and village in England will have its retail shop where labour can be bought and sold just as meat is now, or vegetables, or groceries, or any of the other commodities that men daily deal in.

For that is what the new Labour Exchanges, which the Government is shortly going to establish, will be in reality. Just shops. Shops where the working-man can sell all he has got to sell as a general rule, namely, the labour of his hands, to any employer who desires to purchase it.

There are many of these Government Labour Exchanges in existence to-day—London alone possesses eighteen of them; but so far the experiment has only been tentative. There will be thousands in a little while, where now there are a few score only.

Each of these Exchanges is really a free registry office. But it is also something more. Not only is no fee exacted from either employer or employee, each is also impressed with the fact that he is exercising no more than his right in dealing for himself, and for his own advantage, the facilities they offer him.

Even the casual labourer is made to feel "at home," that it is "his Exchange." Courtesy is expected by the officials, it is true—even exacted where exaction is found to be necessary; but, on the other hand, courtesy is extended, and freely extended, to all and sundry.

Everybody Will Gain.

When the whole business is properly organised there will be no need any more for an unemployed man to trudge wearily here, there, and everywhere, "looking for a job." Indeed, there will be no good his doing so, since all the jobs will be filled at the Exchanges, or through and by them.

There will thus be a gain all round. The employer will no longer be bothered with unsuitable applicants, or by applicants for situations that do not exist, perhaps never did exist. The employee, on the other hand, or rather the man who is seeking to become an employee, will merely take his seat in one of the comfortable waiting-rooms of his local Exchange, and, in the words of the song, "Wait till the work comes round."

This is being done even now in London, and in certain other large centres of population. One of the Exchanges has its separate waiting-rooms for men and women, and its "employers' room," wherein heads of firms, or their foremen, can interview applicants one by one. There alone between two and three thousand applicants for work are dealt with every month.

Watching the Stream of Applicants.

All kinds of people come looking for jobs, and all sorts of jobs are on offer. One day a local Vicar walked in and registered his name. He wanted a curate, salary £150. Within a little while two out-of-work ordained priests were found and sent to him. Another time a theatrical manager called and demanded twenty stout men, each to weigh not less than 20 stone. He, too, got what he wanted.

It is pleasant, and yet pathetic, to watch the stream of applicants. There are more sellers than buyers, of course, and some of the former are very, very anxious.

They enter dejectedly, many of them, but they soon brighten up. The first thing that seems to strike the majority of them is the courtness of their reception by the Exchange officials—for a great point is made of this. It is just the ordinary politeness exercised ordinarily between man and man in the ordinary business relations of life, but somehow they hardly seem to have expected it.

Exchanges Connected by Telephones.

A scrubby-handed, pasty-faced little factory wench gasped and gaped in unfeigned astonishment at being addressed as "Miss," and requested to "take a seat." But she rose to the occasion, was punctiliously polite in her turn; and who shall say it did not do her good?

Another thing that puzzles many is the trouble that is taken to find them that which they are seeking, work to wit. All the Metropolitan Exchanges are connected by telephone, of course, and this convenience is freely at their disposal. But so, too, are the trunk telephone lines, and the telegraph wires. If a tinplate worker cannot find employment in Wandsworth, they will send him to Wales, if Wales has work for him.

Presently he will be given free rides by tram or train to his destination, and even free passage by sea to other and newer lands, should he so wish and be deemed fit; but this is not yet.

No district will be so remote as to be out of touch with an Exchange. In small villages and rural localities the machinery of the post office will be utilised. An out-of-work will go to the local post office for work, just as he now goes for a stamp, but with this difference, that, whereas he is charged a penny for the latter, the former will be free.

The address of the Hon. Secretary of the Fresh Air Fund is "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
He will gladly receive any subscription you like to send him.



Good old "Non-com"

By "CHINSTRAP."

THE non-commissioned officer has been described as the backbone of the British Army, and the simile fits. For, if the non-coms. of a regiment are bad, then that regiment will be paralysed as regards efficiency as certainly as the man whose spine is seriously injured.

This is especially true of active service where the non-coms. may often be called upon to take the place of killed or wounded officers, and where any weakness or hesitation on their part would be absolutely fatal.

But at all times the non-com. plays a vital part in the life and interior economy of a regiment, and his is a difficult position to fill successfully. For the qualities demanded of him are no common ones.

Must Not Use Too Much Power.

First of all, he must have initiative and leading powers. For, as I have mentioned, he may often be called upon to take his officer's place in circumstances of stress and danger.

At the same time, he must be prepared to render the blind obedience of the private soldier, and he must be careful to avoid too much initiative, or he will weaken the authority of his officers and breed discontent among the men, who well know in whom authority is properly vested.

Then, especially in the higher grades, he must be a man of considerable education, as he will have to keep more or less complicated accounts and books, should be able to write a straightforward letter or memo, must be able to instruct, and, indeed, he cannot rise above the rank of sergeant without, apart from purely professional acquirements, passing a pretty stiff educational examination.

He must be tactful, for he is, so to speak, the buffer between officer and man; it is his duty on all occasions to support the former, while, at the same time, he should be the spokesman and protector of the latter. He must be a man of good address and pleasing manners, for in the higher grades he is brought into close association with his officers.

Nevertheless, he must not lose touch of, or get

out of sympathy with, the men, and he must, above all, beware of being "superior." "Tommy" will stand "side" in an officer; in fact, he rather likes it than otherwise, but he will not for a moment put up with "side" in a man sprung from his own class. Professionally, he must, of course, be first-class at drill, as shot, or what not.

Finally, he must be a just man. He has no actual powers of punishment, though he can order offenders of inferior rank to himself under arrest or into the guard-room; but, if he abuses his position, or is spiteful, he can make life very unpleasant to any unfortunate man in his company to whom he takes a dislike.

He can do much to prevent petty crime. The commander of a company, the non-coms. of which are poor, will be bothered to death with minor offences continually being brought before him.

On the other hand, if the non-coms. of a company are good men, they will so exercise their authority that they will not need to be always vindicating it—in reality, exposing their own weakness—by reporting men for trivial misdemeanours.

Not Liable to Punishment.

Perhaps the 2s. 4d. of the sergeant, even the 3s. a day of the colour-sergeant (I am talking of the infantry) is not a very great reward for the possession of the virtues and accomplishments I have described. But the non-com.'s position is naturally not without its privileges.

A non-com. cannot be punished; at all events, cannot be sentenced to imprisonment, or reduced in rank (this does not apply to acting or lance rank, of which he can be deprived by his commanding officer), except by a court-martial, and he is not, therefore, as some fanciful writers would have us believe, at the mercy of some callow subaltern, or even of a tyrannical C.O.

The non-coms. have their own mess, which is usually an exceedingly comfortable abode, where they fare very well for a messing charge of, usually, 6d. a day, and where they have a plentiful supply of newspapers and magazines and generally a billiard-table.

Then the non-com. has many privileges in the way of leave and furlough, and the highest grades have the, to them, inestimable privilege of wearing mufti under certain conditions.

Finally, there is always the possibility of promotion to warrant and even commissioned rank, while, in any case, the non-com. can look forward to retirement on pension, while the fact of his having been

a non-com. tells in his favour when seeking employment in civil life.

There is ever so much to be said in the non-com.'s favour, and there is mighty little to be said against him. Still, the modern non-com., like most of us, is, perhaps, a trifle over-educated, and apt to place too much value on book-learning.

I remember a case in my regiment where a dispute between two non-coms. was being investigated by the C.O. Non-com. No. 1 gave his version of the affair, and No. 2 was asked what he had to say about his comrade's charges.

He replied: "Sir, I wish to characterise the witness's statement as a baseless tissue of malignant fabrications." And the orderly-room cat went out and threw several fits. With over-education there is perhaps also a tendency to kid-glove methods in dealing with the men.

Not Like the Old Style.

The modern non-com. is, I think, a little too apt in dealing with "hard cases" to fall back on the law, where the old type of non-com. would have taken the law into his own hands. Fighting men are best made and best governed by force of personality, and not by invoking legal authority.

Then the modern non-com. is often rather youthful for his duties and responsibilities, though this is not his fault, but the inevitable result of the short service system.

Still, it is something of a defect. The old style of non-com. was "guide, philosopher, and friend" to his young officers, and a father, perhaps a stern one, but none the less a father, to his men. The modern non-com., who gets his sergeant's stripes by the time he is twenty-five, or even before, can scarcely act in either capacity.

Nevertheless, in the Boer war and elsewhere the modern non-com. has conclusively proved that he can rise to the occasion and play a man's part, and that he still well deserves to be called the "backbone of the British Army."

VICAR: "Well, Mr. Stiggins, how are you to-day?"

Cobbler: "Very bad, sir."

Vicar: "And what is the matter?"

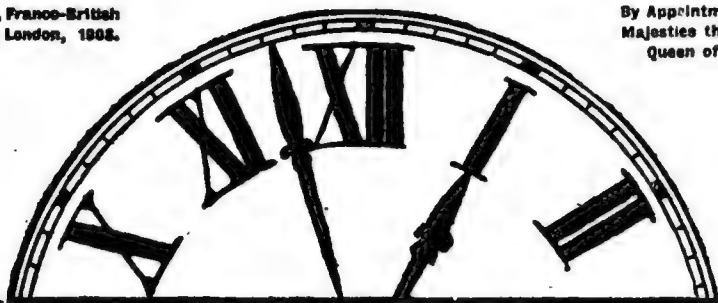
Cobbler: "Ah, sir, it's my legs. They be wonderful bad!"

Vicar: "Dear me! How long have you been like this?"

Cobbler: "Why, sir, these legs, if you believe me, I've had 'em on and off for the last thirty years!"

Gold Medal, Franco-British
Exhibition, London, 1908.

By Appointment to their
Majesties the King and
Queen of Spain.



When there is a deficiency of vital power, languor, restlessness, when the appetite is poor and the sleep is broken, when recovering from influenza, pneumonia, or any illness that has exhausted the system, that is

THE TIME TO TAKE WINCARNIS

and to fully appreciate its extraordinary restorative properties. But whether in health or in sickness, Wincarnis will always do good. Wincarnis creates pure rich blood that nourishes every vital organ, braces the nerves, stimulates the heart, brightens the spirits, and feeds the brain.

Wealth is the end of domestic economy,
Victory is the end of strategy, and
Health is the end of Wincarnis.

Test it. Test it to-day. Send your name and address to COLEMAN & CO. LTD., No. 28 Wincarnis Works, Norwich, mention this paper, and enclose 3 penny stamps for carriage, and

A SAMPLE BOTTLE WILL BE SENT FREE.

Recommended by over 8,000 Doctors.

Contractors to H.M. Forces and Royal Army Medical Corps.

WINCARNIS Wine Merchants and Licensed Chemists and Grocers, also by the glass and in 1s. flasks at all Refreshment Rooms of the N.E., G.E., and G.N. Railway Stations, most Hotels and High-class Licensed Houses. Wincarnis is also prepared with Iron or Pepsine, or Celery or Quinine, all of which are beneficial in suitable cases.

A Mother's Tender Care

As quite cured him he had the sores on him for about 6 months I now thanks to Zam-Buk he is a fine little fellow.



Little Charlie Vallo, Southend-on-Sea.

THE ABOVE is an extract from a grateful letter written to the Zam-Buk Co. by Mrs. Kate Vallo, of 16 Beresford Road, Southend-on-Sea, whose three-year-old son, Charlie, has been cured by Zam-Buk of torturing eczema, which followed a spring rash.

Describing her little boy's case to a local reporter, Mrs. Vallo said:—"On the inflamed skin small white pimples sprang up which irritated the boy so severely that he was constantly scratching and rubbing. Every day the pimples and sores got more numerous and spread all over Charlie's body, causing him awful torture and preventing him getting any sleep or rest. I was compelled to sit up at night holding the boy's hands to keep him from tearing his skin to pieces.

"It was heartbreaking when ointment after ointment entirely failed to check the spread of the eczema. When I was almost giving up in despair I read of a cure by Zam-Buk in a similar case and decided to make just one more attempt to banish my poor boy's sufferings. I was hopeful after the first dressings with Zam-Buk, for Charlie was less fretful, and soon dropped off into a restful sleep.

"I could scarcely have believed that anything could make such a wonderful difference as Zam-Buk did; the eczema never made the least headway after I started with the balm, and after a little careful perseverance Charlie was entirely freed from the horrid disease, and now has a beautifully clear and healthy skin. Zam-Buk has earned a mother's heartfelt gratitude for this wonderful cure."

Zam-Buk is sold by chemists at 1/1½, 2/0, or 4/6 a box.

FREE!

Every mother should send this coupon and 1d. stamp (for postage) to the Zam-Buk Co., Leeds, for a Free Sample of Zam-Buk. Pearson's Weekly, May 20, '09.

Zam-Buk

WHEN SINGLENESS ISN'T BLISS.

By the Girl Who Can't Marry.

IN spite of the frequently expressed masculine belief that all girls are ready to humbly pick up the handkerchief when any lord of creation deigns to throw it, the fact remains that every day the average girl is less and less inclined to regard marriage as the end and aim of her existence.

"Where singleness is bliss, 'tis folly to be wives," is a bachelor girl's motto.

What Benefits Does She Gain?

What has marriage to offer her? the busy working girl demands.

Single, she works hard, true; but in her leisure moments she is absolutely free. She owes no man anything, and because she is happy and healthy and bright all men are pleased to be in her society, and help to give her a good time. She can be friends, "good comrades," with all or any of them. What could she gain in exchange?

A home? Her life is so full, she is amply satisfied with the shelter her own labour gives her, supposing she has left the family nest. A protector? She is too fearless and independent to require one.

And is she wise? Are girls in reality happier single than married?

It is quite possible to so fill a life with work, amusement, and many friendships, that love passes by unrecognised until too late.

Don't Refuse a Good Fellow.

A busy, bustling, or more or less butterfly-life may content her for a year or two; but the day inevitably dawns when a woman's heart demands something more, when the sight of even the poorest of her sisters, surrounded by husband and children, fills her soul with envy.

Be warned in time, oh, pretty maidens! Don't refuse a really good fellow, who has half-won your heart, for no better reason than that you imagine you will have a "better time" as a bachelor girl; but, even to escape a lonely old age, never, never marry unless the right man asks you.

"Look before you leap," and weigh long the chance of a marriage where you give your hand without your heart. Working for a living may not constitute a life of unalloyed brightness, but it is better far to endure the struggle of poverty than to sell yourself in marriage.



Little Defects that Mar the Beautiful.

ORTHODONTIA is the science of correcting the positions of the teeth. Nowadays they are moved about in the jaw as if they were so many beads in a garden. The result of this tooth juggling is to transform a hideous face into one of comparative beauty.

Those who make a speciality of tooth moving, point out that irregular or absent teeth are responsible for a large part of human ugliness.

For instance, King Alfonso of Spain would be quite a good-looking sovereign and incidentally a much healthier one if his teeth met. But his lower teeth in front project outside his upper ones.

Every Tooth Sets at an Angle.

During childhood the malformations of the jaw which cause all the hideous types of countenance develop, and it is during this period that the corrections are to be made if possible.

In later years, even after complete maturity, the teeth can be moved about, though the process is slower and harder and the results are not so good.

Nature meant every tooth to set at a certain angle and for its grinding or cutting surface to correspond to a similar cutter or grinder in exact opposition. But the deciduous teeth come out sometimes crowding one another and spoiling Nature's plan. If they come out properly and the jaws start right, trouble may begin in the form of decay of certain teeth.

If the teeth are filled and kept in order this decay cannot affect the lines of the face. If the parent neglects the child and lets one or two teeth go until they become mere wrecks or must be pulled, then distortion of the face begins. Into the holes left by the decayed teeth the neighbouring ones lean more and more.

If nothing is done about it, the jaw stops growing outward to give room for the growing teeth and the permanent teeth to come, and uses instead the gaps left by the decayed teeth. When this happens in the

lower jaw the child grows up with a rat-like face. The upper front teeth project prominently, while the under teeth fall far behind them. The lower lip, being thus too long, is usually bent double, giving a weak look to the mouth.

Where the opposite occurs, the lower teeth project beyond the upper, giving a sullen, bulldog expression to the countenance. The lower lip sticks out above and beyond giving the bulldog type of visage.

When the teeth are once in proper position in the child's head, a few changes in the dietary will assist Nature greatly, and make the visits to the dentist far fewer.

If the meals of the children are made to end with an apple or some fibrous substance which scrapes and cleans the surfaces of the teeth, they will have little chance for decay.

Present-Day Parents Too Neglectful.

Primeval man and his children had no prepared food nor sugar nor sweet drinks. When he ate anything sweet it was such a thing as gnawing sugar cane, in which the fibre vigorously polished his teeth. Of course he occasionally got a meal of honey, but that came in the way of a windfall and doubtless not often enough to hurt his teeth.

Several prominent scientists plead for a few hours of the school course to be devoted to education of the children in the care and importance of their teeth.

The average parent is not the person to give this instruction, as shown by the fact that they not only neglect their own, but pay no attention to their children's teeth until they complain of a toothache.

"Pull it out" is the time-honoured remedy for troubles of the teeth. This is about as reasonable as inflicting capital punishment on every woman who complains of a toothache.

Nature intended the teeth to be sound and intact in both sexes at the age of eighty years, and this can actually be achieved by following simple rules of mouth hygiene.

DETAIL IN DRESS.

It Marks the Well-Groomed Woman.

IOVERHEARD several members of the fair sex talking the other day of a mutual acquaintance, and all conceded she was a "perfectly groomed woman."

"It isn't because of fine raiment" said one. "Perhaps not," remarked another. "Why is it, then?" chimed in a third; and the fourth settled the debate. "It's because she pays such attention to detail."

Careless Woman Much in Evidence.

If all women realised what this meant, more would earn the distinction of being well groomed. The exactness of detail is a wonderful thing towards making a woman appear well groomed.

The careless woman is much in evidence, and frequently she is among the wealthy. Yet her sister not financially so well to do makes a better showing on a much less expenditure of money, and all because she looks carefully after the niceties of the toilet.

There is a knack in getting things on well and keeping them so. The woman whose heel is run over cannot attract any more favourable attention than the one whose braid on the bottom of her gown is frayed.

It is the little things which make one noticeable. How often a well-gowned woman will be seen whose richness of toilet attracts all eyes, yet the otherwise perfect picture is spoiled by straggling locks of hair falling in disorderly fashion over the back of her neck.

More Noticeable on Rainy Days.

This failing will crop up in women who have everything to make themselves attractive, and nicety of detail will be found in many who have a difficult time in "making ends meet."

But it is just this quality which makes others class them among the "perfectly groomed." It also makes them more noticeable than the women of wealth.

On rainy days the woman lacking this essential quality of detail is even more noticeable, for she dons a costume, usually any kind of one, and saunters forth. She is less likely to be particular than on a bright day, and her indifference to minor detail makes her anything but an attractive object.

SOME DAINY DISHES AND HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Wh a Seasoning Soup.

Use whole pepper and spices, putting them in after it has boiled up.

Leather Satchels

May be cleaned with a sponge dipped in warm water in which a little oxalic acid has been dissolved.

Farinaceous Puddings

Require slow cooking to be good. It is only in this way that the starch grains have time to well and thicken the milk thoroughly. Milk puddings for children should always cook for at least three hours in a moderate oven, adding more milk if it is required.

Novelty Sandwiches.

Cut some thin slices of brown bread and butter, spread lightly with honey, and then sprinkle with chopped Barcelona nuts or walnuts. Press the slices firmly together, cut into neat shapes, and serve on a dessert paper.

Golden Pudding.

Chop three ounces of suet finely, and add it to two ounces of flour and six ounces of breadcrumbs with which has been added one teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir into it one egg beaten with half a pint of milk and beat all together for three minutes. Put a layer of batter at the bottom of a pie-dish, then a half-inch layer of marmalade, and so until the dish is full, having the last layer of batter. Bake for about an hour in a moderate oven.

Apple Cheese

Is evidently what you want; it makes delicious cheesecakes, and is a pleasant change from lemon curd. Cook one pound of peeled and cored apple to a pulp, then add to it two ounces of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and the rind and juice of half a lemon. When well blended add two beaten eggs. Stir for a few minutes over a slow fire, and the mixture will then be ready for use. (Reply to WORCESTERSHIRE GIRL.)

To Set Dye in Black Cotton Stockings

Put a good handful of common salt in the washing water. (Reply to RUNNYMEADE.)

Bronze may be Renovated

And recoloured thus: Mix one part of muriatic acid with two parts of water. Free the article from all dust and apply the mixture with a cloth. When dry, polish with sweet oil. (Reply to ABIGAIL.)

To Relieve Bunions,

Paint daily for about a week with tincture of iodine. After ten days paint again, and so on till the inflammation is all gone; wear well fitting boots, avoiding very pointed toes and high heels. (Reply to MARION B.)

Too Hot an Oven

Is quite as bad as too cold an oven, and will ruin the best made cakes. Steady heat is necessary for both cakes and pastry, and the oven-door should not be opened often when baking either.

Chamois Leathers

Should be constantly washed if you wish your silver to be kept bright. Make a nice lather of yellow soap and warm water, and squeeze the leathers in this till perfectly clean. Then rinse in clean soapy water and squeeze dry. Hang in the air to dry, and during this process work the leather about with the hands to make it soft. (Reply to ELLA N.)

Hygienic Washing.

The recipe you used before is evidently as follows, and a surprising quantity of dirt will come from the cleanest skin if a teaspoonful of this fluid is added to each basin of water: Put four ounces of sea salt, a tablespoonful each of lump camphor and ammonia into a quart bottle; fill up the bottle with hot water and let it stand for twenty-four hours before using. The daily use of this solution greatly improves the skin. (Reply to HILF-MATE.)

Cook Fish Well,

For it is not only unpalatable but unwholesome if underdone. For invalids fish should always be served hot.

The Flap of the Skirt

Should be cut off before it is cooked. It should be rubbed with salt for a few days and then boiled gently with plenty of herbs and spices in the water. When done, put it between two boards, with a weight on the top. Leave till cold, and garnish nicely before serving.

To Make Blue Ink.

Pour on to one ounce of very finely powdered Prussian blue, one ounce of concentrated hydrochloric acid. Let all stand for twenty-four hours, then add water till the ink is the strength required. Pour the blue ink into a small stone jar and cork it tightly. (Reply to SATISFACTORY, Dundee.)

Lambs' Tail Soup

Is a delicacy for this season. Cut six lambs' tails into joints, and boil them till tender in some second stock, with a slice of raw ham or a ham bone. Season with a little onion, parsley, a blade of mace, and a few mushrooms. When cooked, strain, slightly thicken with flour, add salt and cayenne, with wine to taste; boil up, add the pieces of tail, and serve.

Faggots

Made as follows will, I hope, suit your purpose: Take one and a half pounds of pig's fry, two small onions, four sage leaves, four or five potatoes, pepper and salt to taste. First scald the lights and parboil the potatoes, then mince all together with the onion; rub the sage to a powder. When done, cut the caul into six pieces, put equal quantities into each, draw the caul together so as to cover the mince, put in a tin with a small teaspoonful of water, and bake for three-quarters of an hour, basting constantly. (Reply to READER, Bedford.)

AN EASY LUNCH.

More Satisfying than any Shilling Dinner.

Here is a very practical solution of the mid-day meal difficulty set forth by a Preston schoolmaster, who writes:—

"I am away from home all day, and until quite recently it was always a trouble to decide what to have for lunch in order that I might have a sufficiency without any after feeling of heaviness and disinclination to work. For the last month I have lunched off Grape-Nuts and milk, and am pleased to be able to testify to the great benefit received. Since taking Grape-Nuts I have gained both flesh and vigour, and am no longer worried with that dreadful brain-fog to which I was formerly a martyr. In fact, this simple lunch of Grape-Nuts and milk has been a blessing all round, for it costs less, is easily prepared, and gives more real satisfaction than any shilling dinner."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co. Ltd., 66 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

There is no better emergency meal than Grape-Nuts and milk. This simple dish satisfies the keenest appetite because it is a complete meal in itself, containing all the substances necessary to sustain and energise the human body. Every particle of Grape-Nuts feeds, and feeds quickly, for the normal stomach takes only one hour to digest Grape-Nuts. This thorough and quick digestion is the origin of that buoyant feeling that's experienced after a Grape-Nuts meal. Quickly served direct from the packet with hot milk, it is a delightful change from oatmeal porridge, and much more digestible and sustaining.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Every penny subscribed to the Fresh Air Fund is spent on the children. All organisation expenses are borne by the promoters.

THE KEW 50/-
(Exported if preferred)
This watch is of genuine English manufacture & is built upon the 8-plate principle with jewelled escapement. Brquest hair-spring and genuine Compensating Chronometer Balance. The corrugated winding knob winds the watch and sets the hands without opening the case, thus avoiding all risk of damp, dust, or injury. The Cases are of Solid Hallmarked Silver, and so strong as to enable the watch to be worn with safety in any occupation, light or laborious. We warrant the New English Lever for 7 Years, and deliver it for 3/- and your promise to read 3/- more within 7 days of delivery if you are satisfied. The balance to be paid by 12 monthly payments of 4/- Moneyrepaid if you are disappointed. Write for catalogue to J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEPPARD. 1/- in Cash Discount.



HEALTH AND FRUIT
GO HAND-IN-HAND

BIRD'S CUSTARD
with **RHUBARB**

is the most wholesome and
healthful dish now in season

RICH AND CREAMY.



Rudge-Whitworth
Britain's Best Bicycle

THE CYCLIST'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

The more you know about cycles, the more you need this valuable book. 66 pages describing in detail the new features of the 1909 Models of Rudge-Whitworths.

Prices from £3 15s. cash to £14 12s., or from 7/- per month.

Post Free from
RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LTD.
(Dept. 314) COVENTRY.

LONDON:—
230 Tottenham Court Rd., W.
23 Holborn Viaduct, E.C. 160 Regent St., W.

DON'T SNEEZE.
DR. MACKENZIE'S
CATARRH CURE
SMELLING BOTTLE

Be Icy and Quickly Cures
Cold in the Head, Nervous
Headache, Neuralgia in the
Head, Faintness, Dizziness.

A CHARM FOR HEADACHE.
A SPECIFIC FOR INFLUENZA.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.
Price 1/- or post free in U.K. 14 stamps.

MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, READING.



House-work means a lot of standing, but fatigue is very much lessened if one uses Redfern's Navy Rubber Heels.

from Boot Repairers everywhere.
Write for Booklet. Redfern's Rubber Works, Hyde.

Phonographs All the BEST.
By Postcard Gramophones is delivered for 5/- and 8 monthly payments of 5/- The highest-class records. Write for our Talking Machine prospectus to J. S. GRAVES, LIMITED, SHEPPARD.

6d. EDITIONS OF FAMOUS NOVELS

By **WILLIAM LE QUEUX.**
Author of "Who Killed Professor Greer?"

THE TICKENCOTE TREASURE.
WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH.
THREE GLASS EYES.
THE LOOKER ON.

Ask your Bookseller or Newsagent to procure these novels for you; or they may be had, post free, 8d. each, the four volumes for 2s. 6d., from
C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., 17 HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

TIRED MEN.

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me, and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be quickly and thoroughly cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this Paper, A. J. LEIGH, 93 and 95 Great Russell Street, London, W.C. Over twenty years' successful results.

DAILY EXPRESS
ONE HALFPENNY.

9d. WEEKLY

100 "410s. Cycles, not made, 45/- cash; if paid by instalments 5/- extra.

Boots, 8/6. Costume, 17/- Suits, 16/-

Feather Beds, etc. State wants. List, patterns, free.

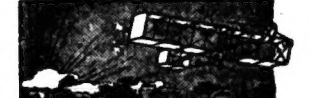
Warehouse, 45 Dereham Road, Norwich.




AEROPLANES.
PERFECT WORKING MODELS.
ACTUAL FLYING.

Every man should grasp this opportunity of getting a practical insight into his thrilling new science. The industry is standing still for want of new ideas. From 2/6 to 4/6. Write for interesting illustrated Pamphlet. P.W. Post free. These aeroplanes are perfectly balanced, gliding beautifully, and will fly for a great distance horizontally when self-contained motor is set going. Finally a thing to the ground lightly on miniature bicycle wheels provided for this purpose. All the laws pertaining to aviation can be studied during flight.

NEW THINGS LTD., 45 Berners St., London, W.
Telephone: Gerard 5796.



IN DANGER

the **LIFEBUOY** has served many in good stead. In calm or storm it is ready, aye ready. In health or sickness **LIFEBUOY SOAP** has a useful purpose to serve. It bears the name "Lifebuoy," for it saves from disease and

Makes Health Infectious.

CLEANS AND DISINFECTS AT THE SAME TIME.

Lever Brothers Ltd., Port Sunlight, England.

THE NAME LEVER ON SOAP IS A GUARANTEE OF PURITY AND EXCELLENCE.

LIFEBUOY SOAP



SAVE & LIFE

Columns of Wisdom.



WITH next week's issue our great invasion story, "While Britain Slept," will be finishing, and for some weeks past I have been endeavouring to find a serial story which will be a worthy successor. Fortunately I am in the happy position of having access to the work of every one of our biggest serial writers, so that I am able to choose the very best that is in the market. This time the choice has fallen on those popular writers Alice and Claude Askew, and the story they are writing for me is powerful and original in the extreme. This will start in our Whitsun Number, and I'll be able to tell you more about it next week.

"I WANT to ask your advice about going on the stage," says Roscius. "I think I may say, without conceit, that I have quite unusual acting abilities. I have taken part in three lots of amateur theatricals here, and on each occasion both my friends and the local paper agreed that it was a pity I was not in the profession. At the same time I have a snug berth here, bringing me in £200 a year, with good prospects, and feel some hesitation about chucking it up. Still I suppose a successful actor makes a very good thing out of it financially, and, of course, the life must be awfully jolly and interesting. What do you think?"

I don't think, Roscius; I know that you will be doing the most idiotic action of your life if you throw up your present comfortable position and go on the stage. The dramatic profession is simply thronged with people who have "quite unusual acting abilities," and the vast majority of them are thankful to rake in an average of £2 a week. I can assure you that there is a good deal more discomfort and misery about the average actor's life than there is interest or jolliness, and a great many fairly well-known players would be ready to quit the business to-morrow if they could make a living at anything else.

A. G. sends me a postcard with the following terse inquiry: "Who owns the money made at the Mint, and how is it distributed?"

The owner of the money made on Tower Hill, A. G., is the person who provides the gold out of which it is constructed. Nowadays this person is invariably the manager of the Bank of England. Any one has the right to import gold ingots into the Mint, but he has to wait for his money to be converted into coin, whereas by taking it to the Bank of England he can realise it "on the nail." The Mint buy their silver and copper as they want it—there being a profit on both articles.

When the gold coin is made it is delivered to the Bank of England at once. Most government departments are inclined to be stingy, but there is nothing of that about the Mint. They give absolute full weight in coin for the amount of bullion received, bearing the cost of the alloy used, and the loss of any metal wasted.

Silver and copper is stored at the Mint until wanted. When I say "until wanted," I am not suggesting that it's any use your going and knocking at the door and saying "Can you 'could do with a bit.'" Only the Bank of England, Scotland, or Ireland has that privilege, and they have to pay for it.

A. A. breaks into unconscious verse.

"Can you tell me on your famous page 16, Why the cloth of a billiard table is always green?"

I might reply in the same strain: The right explanation, C. A., I think, is because it's never by any chance pink. For fear of arousing the jealousy of Mr. Alfred Austin, however, I will confine myself to prose. As a matter of fact I don't think there is any particular reason why green should have been chosen, beyond the fact that it shows up the balls and is at the same time restful to the eyes.

I believe that the colour of the cloth is about the only thing that hasn't changed in connection with a billiard table. In the earliest examples the bed was made of oak or marble, the cushions were stuffed with flock, and the pockets were wooden boxes. The players pushed the ball with a kind of heavy mallet tipped with ivory. They didn't worry about barring the anchor cannon in those days.

At the request of a large number of competitors who have been unable to complete their MSS. in the time allotted, we have decided to postpone the closing date of the contest till July 27th.

I KNEW that P. W. moved in the best society, but it is something of a shock to find that the cerise-clad one even penetrates into the jealously-guarded palace of the Czar. For this information I am indebted to Mrs. G. H. "I thought it might interest you," she writes, "to know that I have sent Pearson's to Russia every week for seven years. I have an aunt there who is a friend of a lady who goes to the Russian Court, and whose son is page to the Czar. They have a large house in Warsaw. When the lady has read P. W., she sends it on to her son at the palace, and everyone there who cares for English reading has a look at it. The Grand Dukes Boris and Cyril often stay with them, and they both always read it."

Bravo for Boris, and congratulations to Cyril. It must be a welcome change from grand dukes to curl oneself up in front of the fire with a copy of P. W., and for a happy hour or two forget all about revolutions, anarchists, and the other trivial troubles of Russian daily life. I wonder if the Czar himself ever has a look at his page's paper.

"A. R. I. B. A.," having a few spare minutes as well as a few spare initials, has been arguing with a friend as to the possibility of distinguishing colours by moonlight.

"I say," he writes, "that the light, although reflected sunlight, is of so faint and diluted a nature that the colour is quite different from that seen by daylight. We know by experience that certain things have certain colours, and we think we see them the same by moonlight merely because we know what colour they ought to be. Am I right?"

Quite right, "A. R., etc." Colour has no material existence; it is merely a sensation in the brain produced by the action of light reflected from an object. Colour therefore depends entirely upon light. When strolling through the moonbeams with a young lady (supposing you to have been guilty of such conduct), you have doubtless noticed that the complexion which in the daytime rivals the inside of a shell now seems as white as the proverbial sheet. If your friend still doubts the accuracy of your statement, persuade him to choose his new spring suit by moonlight. That will cure him.

A WEEK or so back I invited my readers to post off to me any curious and amusing notices they may have seen, and I promised to award P. W. penknives for the ten contributions which I thought to be the best. Judging by the number of replies received, there are hundreds of brainy people who have resorted to poetry to advertise their calling, sweeps, shoemakers, and dentists heading the list. One dental artist appeals to his public in this wise:

"A dentist here makes teeth of bone
For those whom Fate has left without,
And finds provision for his own
By pulling other people's out."

Here is a shoemaker's effort:

"Kind friends, just for a moment pause,
Ere wending on your way;
Examine well your boots or shoes
While 'tis the light of day."

A cobbler is at work within,
Who'll welcome well your call;
What, though he sometimes loses tin,
He never yet lost his awl.

You'll dance with joy before you part,
Like teams when winning goals;
And, though he cannot mend your heart,
He'll give you lasting soles.

His charge is small, his leather strong;
You'll trot like any pony.
At any hour you can't be wrong
To call on Jacob Loney."

I have decided to award P. W. penknives to the following: Robert Bolt, Renfrew; L. Caselton, Erith; R. F. Lawrence, Sunderland; J. Martin, Liverpool; J. Mosseson, Whitechapel; F. Moutch, Malpas, Cheshire; George C. Boyce, Devizes; J. W. Jones, Merthyr; W. J. Burrell, Denmark Hill; and "W. T. R.," Rochdale.

"I HAPPEN," says G. E. B., "to be one of those unfortunate people who have to spend a lot of time in the wilds. Sometimes, however, I am lucky enough to get hold of a P. W., and I thought I would try and write a letter for your penknife page."

Some time ago I was up at Le Pass, on the Saskatchewan River, at present the end of the railroad which is going to make its way to Hudson's Bay.

"While sitting in the shack there that does duty for a hotel (something like an old country coal shed, only not so clean and tidy), an aged trapper came in and asked us the following question: 'If you were standing on the North Pole, and then went 100 miles south and fifty miles east, what course would you have to take to go back in a straight line?' One or two ventured to say north-west, but the old fellow shook his head, and at last replied, 'Due north.' Can you tell me if this answer is correct?"

Your aged friend seems to have been a trapper in more

senses than one, G. E. B. Provided he was alluding to the Magnetic Pole his answer was quite correct. From whatever side of the globe you approached it, it would naturally lie due north. I am afraid you are not very good at riddle guessing out in Le Pass. Perhaps the P. W. pocket-knife I'm sending you will help you. It's sharp enough for anything.

"WITH reference to the dangers of invasion, pointed out in your splendid serial," writes "Civitas," "I should like to suggest an idea for helping to maintain the army and navy. Don't you think that if the Government were to take over all the orphanages in this country, and train the boys for soldiers and sailors, as well as teaching them a trade, they would be an invaluable adjunct in time of need? The girls might learn to be hospital nurses."

The objection to your plan, "Civitas," is the ancient and customary one of money. Directly the Government took over the orphanages subscriptions would automatically cease. I agree with you, however, that it is a splendid thing to train boys either for the army or navy as well as to teach them a trade. This is the course pursued at such institutions as the Gordon Boys' Home, and the Mercury training ship, presided over by C. B. Fry.

A boy comes out of such an establishment ready either to defend his country or to take up some useful and profitable trade. I think that not only orphans, but everybody, should be compelled to join the present Territorial Army.

AND now I want to talk seriously to you for a few moments on a subject which must be near and dear to every one of you—the Fresh Air Fund. Last year the F.A.F. gave 235,290 slum children one glorious, never-to-be-forgotten day in the country. That is not a bad record, but this year we want to go further. There will be 300,000 or more little ones calling out for a day's holiday during the coming summer, and it is our great ambition that they shall not be disappointed. It is to you that we look to help us realise this ambition. I feel sure that if you examine your weekly accounts you will find that they will stand a slight squeeze at some point or another and that there will be one or two ninepences available for the F.A.F. What good can ninepence do? you ask. It is not a very big sum, it is true, but it is sufficient to pay for one child's country day—travelling, food in plenty, games, shelter in case of bad weather, in fact everything to insure the utmost pleasure and comfort. If you who spend your lives amidst green fields and trees could but take a peep into slumland! The sights you would see there would excite your compassion. Won't you help to take at least one child away from the squalid court or alley which is his or her everyday playground and give him or her a few brief hours in the country—hours which will brighten the whole year. Post off your subscription now while this picture of sunlight and shadow is fresh in your mind.

Amounts previously acknowledged, £1,343 8s. 6d.
H. H., 2s. 3d.; P. Neville, 5s.; H. B. Debenham, £2 2s.; J. Pearson, £1; Anon., £1 10s. 6d.; Anon., £2 2s.; B. Middlemas, £1 1s.; A. Well Wisher, 3s.; D. C., 2s. 3d.; E. E. Y., £1 17s. 6d.; Miss E. Gaubert, 3s.; G. New Zealand, £2 2s.; B. Batty, £1; A. Vickery, £5 5s.; Major-Gen. V. W. Tregear, 10s.; Miss Woodgate-Jones, £5; W. Bevan, 10s.; Miss J. Czeran, 10s.; Little Ellen, £4 1s. 6d.; Lieut. K. B. Anderson, £1 1s.; Mrs. R. Bathurst, £1; M. P. Galtton, £1 1s.; J. Mosseson, £2 2s.; G. H. Wulkenen, £2 2s.; Anon., £2 2s.; H. M. C. 1s.; Major and Mrs. Rotherham, £2 1s.; T. P. H., 9d.; E. Steane, Price, £10; Mrs. Hoare, £9. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Blibrough, £8 2s.; A. White, £2 2s.; Mrs. Thomas Woolley, £5.
Collected: Lieut. P. B. Garrett, £2 6s.; C. L. M. Roxby, £1 12s. 6d.; Messrs. Samuels, Ltd., 6s. 11d.; King's Arms Hotel, Stranraer, £1 3s. 2d.; S. and F. Flack, 12s.; The Seamen and Artisans' Football Team of H.M.S. Indefatigable, W. Indies, 11s.; Canteen of H.M.S. Bedford, £20. 0

Grand (P. W.) total, £1,449 14s. 7d.
There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. Every penny subscribed goes to the children in food or fare. All expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, the Daily Express, Limited, the Standard Newspapers, Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninepence pays for a day's happiness for a child; £2 2s. pays for a complete party of 200, with the necessary attendants. Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper. Collecting forms may be had on application.

FOUNDED 1871.
THE OCEAN
Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited.
(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)
Assets exceed £2,000,000.
The Corporation has paid over **£6,000,000** in Claims.

Personal Accidents. Employers' Liability.
Fidelity Guarantees. Fire and Burglary.
Public Liability. Excess Bad Debt.
Boiler and Lift Inspection and Insurance.

HEAD OFFICE: MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

Printed by HENRICH COX, Street Buildings, E.C. 4, and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

CHANGELETS.

Result of Competition No. 28.

Prizes available for distribution amongst competitors in Competition No. 28. To the sender of the attempt was the best, the sum of £84 7s. has been awarded, while the remainder is to be distributed in other prizes amongst those who attempt next in merit.

The original paragraph was:—
THE COTTAGE WAS A THATCHED ONE,
THE OUTSIDE OLD AND MEAN.

The name and address of the winner, who with his effort is as follows:

Wald Moseley, 9 Green Lane, Hazel Grove, near Stockport.

THE COTTAGE WAS A TINY ONE, THE
WHICH WAS CONDENSED.

14 Prizes of 10s. 6d. Each.

Barnett, Miss A., Vernon Rd., Barnsley.
Barnes, A. F., 12 Inchicore Rd., New Kilmainham.
Barnes, J., Brimington, Stockport.
Barnes, R. E., Clayton Ct., Fulwood, Preston.
Barnes, J., 88a Oliver St., Stockport.
Barnes, W., 50 Butler Rd., Harrow.
Barnes, J. A., 33 Market St., Staleybridge.
Barnes, J., 16 Pakefield Rd., Lowestoft.
Barnes, A., 19 Gayfield Sq., Edinburgh.
Barnes, A., 20 Braid Ave., Edinburgh.

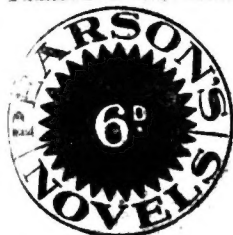
Lifton, E. W., 17 Tweenbrook Ave., Gloucester.
Price, F., 5 Aldersham Rd., Seacombe.
Reeve, Mrs., 5 Amherst Rd., Bexhill-on-Sea.
Soubey, Mrs., The Grove, Morpeth.

114 Prizes of 10s. Each.

Abrahams, T., Kingswear, S. Devon.
Bailey, W. B., 187 Clarence St., Bolton.
Baird, Miss T., 8 Hyndland Ave., Glasgow.
Barnes, Mrs., High St., Rochford.
Barwell, C., 25a Dunree Rd., Charlton.
Beach, A., 41 Sutherland Rd., Southsea.
Berry, E., 19 Globe St., Norwich.
Butters, Mrs., 4 Albert Cres., Bury St. Edmunds.
Butters, P. C., 6 River Terr., Walsby.
Cahill-Hart, Mrs., 293 Friern Rd., East Dulwich.
Caines, H. C., 101 Arabella St., Cardiff.
Clark, A., 48 Holland Rd., Maidstone.
Coath, Miss E., 15 Penylan Rd., Roath, Cardiff.
Daines, C. C., 12 St. Margaret's Plain, Lowestoft.
Dash, Miss M., 16 Clevedon Mans., Highgate Rd.
Dixon, Mrs., 68 Harrow Rd., Leicester.
Duncan, C., 39 Learmonth Grove, Edinburgh.
Eagleson, J., 7 Picars Ave., Dumbreck, Glasgow.
Ernest, W. M., 320 Green Lanes, Finsbury Pk.
Evans, Miss P., Gasforth Rd., Southport.
Ford, A., 2 Hillborough Cres., Southsea.
Foreman, J. H., 80 Blackfriars Rd., Portsmouth.
Freeman, F. W., 197 Haindon Ave., Grimsby.
Gibson, T. S., 11 Ambury St., N.
Giffon, C. B., 45 Woodbine Ave., Wallsend on Tyne.
Gracey, J. F., 47 Market St., Lurgan.
Gray, R., 18 Harbour St., Lerwick.
Green, E. S., 22a Romola Rd., Herne Hill.
Halliday, J. A., 16 Sandymount St., Belfast.
Hamilton, E., South View, Pevensey Bay.
Hamilton, H. H., St. Brelade's, Dorset.
Harrington, Mrs., Cranwell, Seaford.
Hendley, A. E., H.M.C. Prison, Maidstone.
Home, J., 54 Eyre Pl., Edinburgh.

Horsley, W. H., 24 Cheselm Rd., Stoke Newington.
Houlsworth, E., 44 Princess St., Manchester.
Hughes, Miss P., 105 St. Michael's, Shrewsbury.
James, A., The Shop, Penally.
James, B., 9 Bartholomew Close, E.C.
Jewell, W. J., 3 Hollydale Rd., Peckham.
Johnson, A., 51 School Lane, Liverpool.
Jones, Mrs., Pontyhookin, Mold.
Jones, T., Ty-y-n-y-e, Llantrisant.
Joseph, G. J., 3 Lyndhurst Rd., Exeter.
Kerry, Mrs., 57 Fisher St., Seaholme.
King, C. H., 23 Leicester St., Leamington.
King, E. C., Keele Hall, Newcastle, Staffs.
Law, T., Colbeck Rd., Harrow-on-the-Hill.
Leach, W., 16 St. Matthew's Rd., Cotham, Bristol.
Lee, W., 114 Russell Terr., Lincoln.
Lloyd, D., The Magazine Syndicate, Southport.
Longford, H., 61 St. Denis Rd., Southampton.
Lowe, R., School Ho., Worlaby, Grimsby.
McCombie, G., 200 Mt. Pleasant Rd., Tottenham.
Macpherson, Miss E. C., 353 Allison St., Glasgow.
Macey, A., 37 Dudley Dr., Hymnall, Glasgow.
Madge, E., Studio, Morriston, Swansea.
Marshall, E. N., 21 Rue Dauphine, Paris.
Marshall, Miss M. D., 18 North William St., Perth.
Marston, J., care of Canes, Ltd., Liverpool.
Mihigan, Mrs., 51 Dalblair Rd., Ayr.
Moffat, R., 26 Eldon St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Morrison, C., Greenhill, Tenby.
Morrison, H., 3 Iona Pl., Mt. Florida, Glasgow.
Mosedale, C., Westgate, Southwell, Notts.
Munford, Mrs., 22 Churton St., Victoria, S.W.
Murphy, J., 27 Louisa Terr., West Stanley, Durham.
Newman, R., 35 Cheltenham St., Rochdale.
Nicholls, S. R., 5 Monley St., Sunderland.
Norris, W. H., 1 Kingston Terr., Guernsey.
O'Reilly, Miss K., 8 Colman St., Greenwich.
Pemberton, H. S., 74 Calabria Rd., Highbury.
Peters, H., 16 Devonshire Rd., Cambridge.
Pilkington, W., 120 Monega Rd., Forest Gate.

Pritchard, G., West Hill, Hednesford.
Pritt, G. M., Ribblesdale, Preston.
Raham, Miss E., 61 Burgess Rd., East Ham.
Redgate, M. E., Normanton-on-Trent, Newark.
Robinson, Miss A., Bath Rd., Banbury.
Russell, J., 31 Rosevale St., Partick.
St. Leonard, S., Downton, Stonehouse, Glos.
St. Maur, Capt., Plaisir, S. et O., France.
Seaton, W., 1 Gladstone Terr., Carmarustie.
Shand, A. G., 97 South Portland St., Glasgow.
Simpson, J., Forbes's Bldgs., Mair of Ord.
Small, S., 150 Bute Rd., Cardiff.
Smith, A. J., 14 Epsom Rd., Croydon.
Somerville, G., Paffrey Stores, Walsall.
Spice, H., 10 Park Terr., Westcliff-on-Sea.
Squires, A. T., Cleveland Ho., Pershore.
Stevens, E., Metheringham Fen, Lincoln.
Storey, F. W., 10 Meads Rd., Wood Green.
Studdholme, H., 1 All Saints' Rd., Cheltenham.
Tewkesbury, G. A., 18 Shelley Rd., Here.
Thomson, M., 4 Ann St., Hillhead, Glasgow.
Titterton, L., 43 Brockholes View, Preston.
Townsend, C. M., 112 P. of Wales Rd., Kentish Tn.
Treadgold, G., Elm Rd., Kingston-on-Thames.
Vanhear, Miss B., 23 Haddonston Pl., Edinburgh.
Walker, J., 6 Lindsay Terr., Downhull, Glasgow.
Walters, H. W., 11 St. Margaret's Plain, Ipswich.
Wangh, G. W., 75 Malford St., Cardiff.
Whymann, Mrs., 188 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds.
Wilkins, G. F., King's Rd., Chelsea.
Wilkinson, W. C., Northern District Office, N.
Williamson, W., 115 Nicolson St., Edinburgh.
Wills, A. J., 11 Belle Vue Terr., Southampton.
Wishaw, H., Hurdfield Rd., Macclesfield.
Wilton, T. B., 18 The Terrace, Penzance.
Wood, E. F. A., Tenby St., Birmingham.
Woods, Miss M. E., 32 Forbes Rd., Edinburgh.
Wren, J., 93 Main St., Pollokshaws, Glasgow.
Wright, E., 21 Low St., Sutton-in-Ashfield.



A choice selection of the
chief Sixpenny Novels
published by Pearson's.



S. R. CROCKETT.

Cleg Kelly.
The Red Axe.
The Silver Skull.
The Black Douglas.
Little Anna Mark.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Cleopatra.

C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

Adventures of Captain Kettle.
Further Adventures of Captain Kettle.
The Little Red Captain.
Captain Kettle, K.C.B.
The Trials of Commander McTurk.

MAX PEMBERTON.

The Phantom Army.
Signora of the Night.

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

The Three Glass Eyes.
The Tickencote Treasure.
Whatsoever a Man Soweth.
The Looker On.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

The Adventures of Nell Gwyn.
The Conscience of Coralie.
Gold and the Girl.

LOUIS TRACY.

The Strange Disappearance of Lady Delia.

FRANK BULLEN.

The Log of a Sea Wolf.

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

The "Lady Maud."
My Watch Below.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

The Admiral.

GEORGE GRIFFITH.

Valdar the Off-Born.
The Stolen Submarine.
The Angel of the Revolution.
The Rose of Judah.

R. S. SURTEES.

Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities.

M. McDONNELL BODKIN.

Paul Beck.

EYRE HUSSEY.

Miss Badsorth, M.F.H.

F. R. STOCKTON.

The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks.
The Late Mrs. Null.
The Hundredth Man.

JOSEPH HATTON.

When Rogues Fall Out.
The Old House at Sandwich.

MARIE CONNOR and ROBT. LEIGHTON.

Concise 99.

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

Willowdene Will.

L. W. HORNING.

The Shadow of the Rope.

ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

The Premier's Daughter.

EDNA LYALL.

Doreen, The Story of a Singer.
Wayfaring Men.
Hope the Hermit.
The Hinders.

M. E. BRADDOCK.

Just As I Am.
Dead Men's Shoes.
The Golden Calf.
The Day Will Come.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

Sir George Treasady.
The Story of Bessie Costrell.

"RITA."

The Confessions of a Court Modiste.

BARONESS ORCZY.

The Case of Miss Elliott.

ANNIE S. SWAN.

The Ayres of Studleigh.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

A Broken Promise.
A Simple Gentleman.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

Recanov.
Senator North.

FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Mad Dumaresq.

MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

A Struggle for Fame.
The Senior Partner.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

Stronger Than Love.

MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

The Newspaper Girl.

MRS. LOVETT CAMERON.

A Loyal Lover.

LUCAS CLEEVE.

A Double Marriage.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

The Dream and the Business.

FLORENCE WARDEN.

Beatrice Froyle's Crime.
A Patched-up Affair.
A Hole and Corner Marriage.
The Mis-Rule of Three.
The Secret of Princess Paul.
The Master Key.

W. PETT RIDGE.

Mord Em'ly.

HAROLD McGRATH.

Arms and the Woman.

GRANT ALLEN.

The Typewriter Girl.

AMELIA E. BARR.

Bernicia.

L. B. WALFORD.

Sir Patrick the Puddock.

C. MAJOR.

When Knighthood was in Flower.

W. W. JACOBS.

The Skipper's Wooing.

STANLEY WEYMAN.

The New Rector.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

The Parasite.

GUY BOOTHBY.

The Woman of Death.
A Desperate Conspiracy.
A Royal Affair.

H. G. WELLS.

The Invisible Man.

HORACE A. VACHELL.

The Face of Clay.

R. L. STEVENSON and LLOYD OSBOURNE.

The Wrong Box.

K. and H. PRICHARD.

The Chronicles of Don Q.

SILAS K. HOCKING.

Meadowweet and Rue.

FERGUS HUME.

The Mystery of a Hansom Cab.
Hagar of the Pawnshop.
Lady Jezebel.
The Miser's Will.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

Musumi: An Anglo-Japanese Marriage.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

The Keeper of the Waters.
Rachel Marr.

HEADON HILL.

The Shadow of the Bear.
Guilty Gold.
The Plunder Ship.
Tracked Down.

E. N. WESTCOTT.

David Harum.

RICHARD MARSH.

Strange Wooing of Mary Bowler.
The Duke and the Damsel.
The Beetle.

M. P. SHIEL.

The White Wedding.
The Yellow Dancer.

LEONARD MERRICK.

When Love Flies Out of the Window.

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

Dr. Bunderby's Boys.

J. BLOUNDELLE BURTON.

The Seafarers.

FRANK NORRIS.

Shanghai.

HAWLEY SMART.

Without Love or Licence.

JOSEPH LYONS and CECIL RALEIGH.

The Treasure of the Temple.

THE WORST MAN

IN EUROPE.

How He Lost His People's Love.

Do not fail to read this amazing and true story in



This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID.

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£2,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY } INSURANCE.
£100 CYCLING

502 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID, including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims of £2,000 each—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was travelling as a passenger (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans, and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of Pearson's Weekly on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Insurance Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the banner on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature _____
Available from 9 a.m. Thursday, May 13th, 1909, until midnight, Friday, May 21st, 1909.

WEDDING HOLIDAYS, 1909-10.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
Whitsun Monday - May 31st.	M 3 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	May 74 ... 8.40
Trinity Monday - August 2nd.	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	" 15 ... 8.42
Christmas Day - December 25th.	T 4 11 18 25	T 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	" 16 ... 8.43
Boxing Day - December 27th.	W 5 12 19 26	W 9 16 23 30	W 7 14 21 28	W 4 11 18 25	W 8 15 22 29	" 17 ... 8.45
Good Friday - March 25th.	T 6 13 20 27	T 10 17 24 31	T 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 9 16 23 30	" 18 ... 8.40
Easter Monday - March 28th.	F 7 14 21 28	F 11 18 25	F 9 16 23 30	F 6 13 20 27	F 10 17 24 31	" 19 ... 8.47
	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	" 20 ... 8.48

BRASSO

Examine the top of the tin
and you will see why

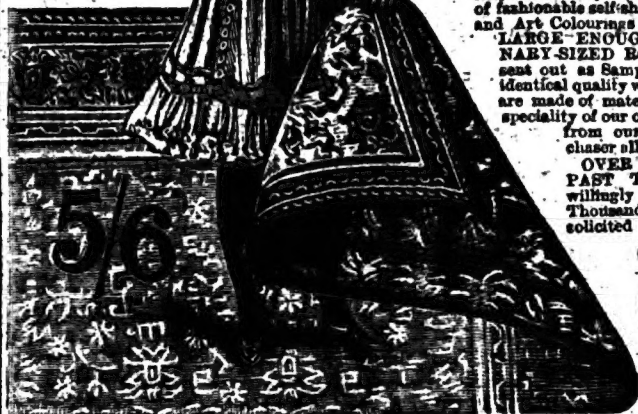
BRASSO
is so economical

THE SPRINKLER TOP PREVENTS WASTE

Metal Polish

**RUGS
GIVEN
AWAY.**

All
New
Designs.



Patronised by
H.M. the QUEEN of SWEDEN
GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.
THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers
of Pearson's Weekly, 20/5/00. On receipt of P.O. for
we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to
your address one of our PRINCIPAL REAL SEAMLESS
WOVEN HALF-SIZES.

**BRUSSELETTE
CARPETS**

suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Hall, Room,
&c., handsomely bordered, in six different patterns
of fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blue,
and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and
LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ROOM.
NABY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be
sent out as Sample Carpets, thus showing the
identical quality we do supply in all sizes. They
are made of material equal to wool, and are a
speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct
from our looms, thus saving the pur-
chaser all middle profits.
OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE
PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money
willingly returned if not satisfied.
Thousands of Best Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!
With every Carpet sent out, we
LUTELY GIVE AWAY a matching
Rug to match, or we will send
Carpets and TWO Rugs to match.
178 Belvoir Road, Glasgow, Scotland.
H. Cox, Esq., writes: "I have
received two of your beautiful
Carpets and Rugs, and I am
glad to say they are of the
highest quality. The last one I received
you has been in wear for some
time."

2/-

The Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household
HEARTH RUGS (Regd.)
in REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERN
measuring 6ft. long and 1ft. wide. These Hearthrugs have gained
a world-wide reputation for magnificence, cheapness, and utility,
having no equal. Registered designs, and considered works of art.
Thousands of rapid orders and testimonials received, giving the
highest satisfaction.

Special Offer—Three for 5/6, Six for 11/3, Twelve for 22/-
Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.
Please mention "Pearson's Weekly."

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household Reversible Rich Turkey Pattern
(Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.)
CARPETS (Regd.)

ADMITTEDLY THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD. Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with
handsome border to correspond. A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of rapid orders and testimonials received, giving
the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if Bed, Dining, Drawing or Sitting Room, and any particular design pre-
ferred. The old style of covering the floor of a room entirely with carpet is gradually giving place to the more healthy mode of
laying down a square in the middle of the room, the flooring beyond being stained and varnished, or polished with wax.
according to the French fashion.

Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Quilts, Table Linens, Bedsteads, Occasional Tables, Caskets, &c.
Post Free 4/- when writing, give mention "Pearson's Weekly," 20/5/1900. Address—
F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Manchester, Importers and Merchants. **WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.**

There is Nothing to Throw Away

in Cocoa—no leaves or dregs or useless sediment. Cocoa is all nourishment—the word itself means "Food of the Gods." It is one of Nature's best gifts to mankind, and every year finds it more and more relied upon by those who study health and diet.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

is manufactured by the **Oldest House in the Trade**, and is unsurpassed for solubility, fragrance, and flavour.

The Medical Press, including **The Lancet**, **British Medical Journal**, and **Medical Annual**, testifies to its absolute purity.

Fry's

**PURE
CONCENTRATED**

Cocoa

NOTHING TO LEAVE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CUP.

PRECIOUS TO THE LAST DROP.